How to Obtain a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon on page 20.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 558. | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 35bb14

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

Why do people who buy **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs always come back for more?

Because people know a GOOD THING. They see GOOD VALUE in **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs. People soon find out when an article is made to wear and give full satisfaction.

That's why people buy **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs.

Ask for EXCELDA and insist upon having EXCELDA.

Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Ser.

"You can't get away from facts"

It's a *fact* that you save money by furnishing at the "Midland." Look at the prices. They are marked in plain figures. It's a *fact* that the "Midland" charge no interest, no extras whatsoever, if you furnish out of income. It's a *fact* that the furniture is splendidly made. Your own artistic sense, your own instinct for value, your own eyes will tell you that. It's a *fact* that you get free Life, Fire and Zeppelin Insurance with all furniture bought on our Ideal Terms. It's a *fact* that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

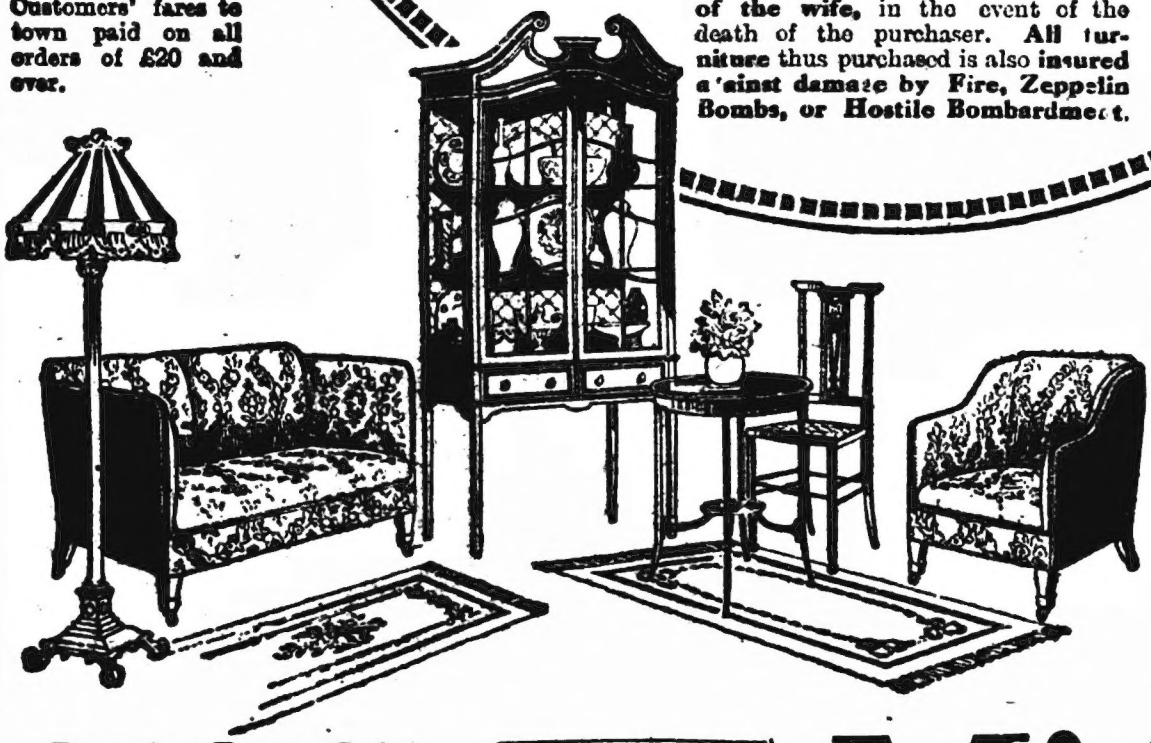
Go by the facts. Furnish at the "Midland. Come and see the £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to-day. The range of choice is so large that you can't help finding the very thing you've set your heart on.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance

At the "Midland." customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.



Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

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This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

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10% Discount for Cash

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(Town or Country).

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£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
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About 12,000 pages—600 Delightful Pictures—28 Beautiful Photogravures.

Here in these 28 volumes are years of delight and enjoyment for you and your family, your children and your children's children. It is the most magnificent edition of Sir Walter Scott ever published, an edition of which the great granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. M. M. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, wrote—

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Waverley. A tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie which took the world by storm. It created its author's reputation as a master of historical romance.

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The Heart of Midlothian. The description of the Porteous riots, and the pathetic story of Jennie and Effie Deans will live as long as literature itself.

Ivanhoe. The most popular romance of love and chivalry ever penned. It stirs our blood as we hear the clash of arms in the Tournaments of Cœur de Lion, and it excites our sympathy and draws our tears by the pathetic tale of the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca.

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Woodstock. The finest of all "Cavalier and Roundhead" romances. The picture of the old Cavalier whose daughter is wooed by a Parliamentarian is inimitable.

The Fair Maid of Perth. Scott at his best. The book in which the genius of Scott flamed up into an incandescent brilliance. A tale of the early, but always ill-fated Stuarts, and the tragic death by starvation of the Earl of Rothesay, the heir to the Scottish throne.

Count Robert of Paris. The life of Ancient Byzantium with all its pomp and glory passes in a glittering pageant before our eyes as we read these pages.

IN the Fine Art Scott you have all the novels in 25 beautiful volumes —you have two volumes of poems, in which the ring of Scott's cadences is like the rattle of a sword in its scabbard—and you have in yet another volume and in handy form that great biographical classic "Lockhart's Life of Scott," that opens the door to an understanding of a hero and increases our admiration of one of the world's geniuses.

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J.B. 1

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 22.

TO PARENTS OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Your boy has done his bit.
Have you lent your bit?
Have you bought any War Loan?

You must do so at once.

YOUR boy's chance of coming back to you quickly depends on the overwhelming success of the War Loan. This depends on you! Buy some War Loan to-day. You lend your money and your country will give it back to you with interest. Your boy is risking his life. Is it too much to ask you to lend your savings?

This is what you must do now if the War is to be ended soon.

IF you have £5 or any amount up to £50 to lend go to the nearest Money Order Post Office and they will invest it for you in War Loan. You will get a receipt for your money and afterwards they will send you your stock.

IF you have £50 or over to lend to your country go to your Bank Manager. He will help you to increase your lending power. The Bank Managers have intimated their desire to do everything in their power to make the Victory Loan an overwhelming success.

REMEMBER—

Friday the 16th is the last day.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 558. Week ending Saturday, February 10th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Big Push.

We hope it may not be "giving information to the enemy" if we present our compliments and beg to inform him that he will be hearing a good deal of us in the West early in March, and in the East a bit later.

Our Food.

It is our bounden patriotic duty to respond to Lord Devonport's request to curtail our bread, meat and sugar consumption. And we shall all be the better in health for it. In any case, we must taboo the glutton. We don't want State rations—that sort of thing is for Germany.

Victory "Inevitable."

Not quite a happy phrase, perhaps, but it was what Mr. Asquith told his constituents. Almost sounds as though we had been endeavouring to prevent it! And who authorised him to say that we "have not the faintest desire for annihilating the German people or the German States"? *We* didn't.

An Interesting Question.

We understand that one of the questions to be asked when Parliament meets is whether, before replying to President Wilson's Note, Mr. Lloyd George had it submitted to Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey for their views. We understand that "the answer is in the affirmative."

A Lonely Furrow.

Our contemporary *Fairplay* thinks that "in the event of a General Election, Mr. Bottomley would find himself the sole representative in the House of half a thousand constituencies." Some representative!

A Pleasant Drug.

The *New Age* considers our "cocksure assumption" that victory is certain for the Allies "within a calculable time," is actually "a deleterious drug in the disguise of a tonic." The "tonic" suggested by our esteemed contemporary is "the manly assumption that the war may continue for years." It is any odds on the drug!

"Speaking Rhetorically."

Apropos of the alteration by the Bishop of London, in his book "Cleansing London," of the alleged letter written by Lord Roberts shortly before his death, into a remark made with his latest breath, we are now informed by the Private Secretary to the Bishop that he was "speaking rhetorically," and not on any further information." So Lord Roberts wrote that letter with his latest breath!

"Maids of Honour."

What about this as a description of our splendid women war workers?

A Suspect Crest.

Why the broad arrow on the "Ring" paper? What is wrong with the Royal Coat of Arms?

The Explosion.

Is it the fact that up to a week before the explosion there had been a Military Guard at the factory; and, if so, by whose orders was it withdrawn?

Wonderful.

According to *London Opinion*, "Mr. Bonar Law is said to have designs on the unclaimed balances in the Bank vaults." Where on earth did he get the idea?

"Unknown British Soldier."

An officer, recently returned from the Front, tells us that the number of graves bearing this inscription on their crosses is enormous. *Why* should any fallen soldier be "unknown"? What are the Identification Discs for?

Electoral Reform.

If preliminary reports are correct, the recommendations of the Speaker's Committee will require considerable amendment. At the same time, Mr. Lowther has done wonders in getting his men so well into line. But he is, himself, a wonder.

"B. G."

Once upon a time the idea of Business in Government was scouted; "now everybody's *saying* it." In a little "Study in Economics"—one of the excellent series in the *Daily Express*—Lord Derby says: "This country is not going back to the old Political parties, fighting each other. There must be one Central Party—*a Party with a business mind.*" Correct.

"P. B." on the Wheel.

We have no desire to discuss the merits of Mr. Pemberton Billing's recent libel action. But we *do* want to know whether it is the admitted fact that the wire-puller of the Tory Party *did* write to Mr. Balfour that because the Independent candidate for East Herts was winning, against the Party machine, he must be "discredited." *That* is the only point of public importance emerging from the case.

Prepare for "Zepp" Recklessness. Sign Free Insurance Coupon, page iii. of Cover.

A Word with Lord Mansfield.

Many wounded soldiers, up North, complain that the gates of the historic Scone Palace are, by direction of Lord Mansfield, shut against them. *Verb. sap.* Thank you, Lord Mansfield.

Prohibition.

Some of these Prohibitionists and State Controllers have brilliant ideas. For instance, in the considered opinion of the *Daily Chronicle*, Prohibition would enable the State to make a regulation that no public-house customer should be supplied with more than two drinks. Apparently, it does not strike our abstemious contemporary that the abnormally thirsty could go from one public-house to another.

Lauder at Church.

According to the *Stratford Express*, Harry Lauder was to sing at the annual service of the London Burns' Society, at the Romford Road Congregational Church, Forest Gate; whilst the Rev. George Adam was to preach on "The Religion of *John* Burns." Surely the sermon would have been more appropriate at the Battersea Branch of the Society. But the point is the introduction of "stars" into Church services. "Tich at the Tabernacle" would make a good bill.

£25 a Year.

We don't know what sort of educational instructors supplementary teachers are in Merionethshire, or what sort the County Education Committee expect to get for their money, but their advertisement of a vacancy for a sample of the same (female) at £25 a year strikes us at first sight as a shameful proposition in the sweating industry. How is the girl to live and lodge and clothe herself withal on such a wage? Why don't the Education Committee offer £25 and a latchkey, and have done with it?

Sir John Cowan's Record.

From a military correspondent: "Transport Officer during Boer War; highest praise from everyone. Responsible for feeding Army in this war; notwithstanding all difficulties no complaint anywhere—Tommy well fed. Committee only reported that he was indiscreet in interfering in a matter outside his department; he simply inquired of another department how the matter stood at request of an old friend, and sent a wire at a time when he was sending several hundreds a day." Well, let us leave it at that.

A Splendid Padre.

That is something like a padre, the parish priest of Cadzow, a mining hamlet near Hamilton. He is Father Thornton, and he has been awarded the D.S.O. for "devoted attention to wounded under shell-fire for four days continuously." But local rumour will have it that he gained his distinction by assisting 18 Dublin Fusiliers (to which regiment he is attached) to capture 450 Germans—a feat in which he really did participate. But why argue on the subject? Such a man is quite capable of both actions.

A Chivalrous Adversary.

Mr. Ralph Banks, K.C., addressing a jury at the Denbighshire Assizes the other day, said: "It is not often that jurors in this part of the country are summoned to hear a libel action. The last, if not the only, occasion upon which I appeared in an action of that kind here was when I had the privilege of being opposed by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, and I can assure you, gentlemen, that was an ordeal I am not anxious should be repeated, because I am not likely to forget it in a hurry." It was the case, we may say, in which we drove "Oily Hughes" out of that bogus African Institute, at Colwyn Bay, where he was supposed to train niggers for the Ministry.

A Very Primitive Methodist.

Once more our friend the Rev. A. T. Guttery, President of the P. M.s: "Some people were haunted with the idea that the age of the preacher had gone, and the country would be abandoned to the noisy vulgarity of Horatio Bottomley and his school." *Very* Guttery.

Conundrum.

Seeing that volunteer workers between 16 and 60 are "wanted" by the Government, will the Minister of Munitions inform us why men over military age, and also about six men out of every ten in each shop, have been given their discharge at Woolwich Arsenal? We ask the question in the form in which a discharged man, over military age, requests us to answer it.

"Haunted Newsted."

This from an uncanny correspondent, signing himself "Kismet": "Your reference to the late Sir Arthur Markham reminds one of the ill fate attached to those who have acquired haunted Newsted—as witness the miserable fiasco of Lord Byron; the misery of Colonel Wildman; the ill fortunes of Colonel Webb and family, and the untimely end of Sir Arthur Markham. It is to be hoped that the underground workings of the colliery on the estate will bring down into rubble the ill-fated pile." But what about Kismet then?

Criticising the "Umbrella."

We have related how a Deptford Councillor challenged a list of the Council's clerks and others, wondering why they were not enlisted, and how the Mayor (whose Secretary, 26, holds exemption till June) said, "You must give notice" Councillor Soper has since moved a resolution on the subject, and the Mayor, prompted by Alderman Schultz, immediately ruled it out of order. That is what comes of "giving notice"! The same Mayor observed that "the country would not be any poorer if newspaper men were classified for general service and sent to the front." What a nice game Mayors could indulge in were there none to criticise!

A Cruel Case.

The authorities of the North Wales Asylum were recently discussing the case of a pauper patient, an old lady of 83, who apparently ought never to have been certified as a lunatic at all. In the opinion of the Medical Superintendent, it was "a most hard and inhuman thing to bring her to the asylum," there being no evidence whatever of troublesome insanity—in fact, nothing beyond the normal eccentricities of old age. Yet an Anglesey Magistrate had "certified" the case on no better ground apparently than that the poor old soul had "taken him for a parson"—a proof perhaps of unbalanced judgment, but certainly not of serious mania. What next?

Insulting Tommy.

Col. Lord Burgh, commanding the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders (about three times the strength of an ordinary battalion), is indignant with the Aberdeen teetotal cranks for their audacity in circulating their pernicious and misleading literature amongst his men—professing to give the number of those in uniform "observed" to enter public-houses. Says Lord Burgh: "A case of drunkenness occurs perhaps three times in a month—sometimes not that; it is the most sober battalion in the world and," adds his Lordship, with just wrath, "prohibition is required for the people who have the impudence to circulate such a pamphlet. *You may make such use of this letter as you see fit.*" Hence this paragraph.

He'll write often if you send him a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

Sole Saving.

Possessors of old cycle and motor tyres are bidden to destroy them not. Leather is scarce, and prohibitive in price, so you are to cut your cycle tyres into soles for ladies' boots and light boots generally. Place the rubbered side downwards and fix on "with just the ordinary tin-tack." One tyre suffices for six pairs. The material, damp-proof, also makes excellent inner soles. The motor tyres are to be cut into soles for heavy boots. A special tip is—apply the rubber sole before the leathern one is cracked.

"Wake Up, England!"

It is more than lamentable to find so many tradespeople confessing how much they relied on German goods, and their utter helplessness now. We have seen a letter written by a London firm, publishers of veterinary books and charts. Asked to supply an "Atlas of the Horse," they say such a thing is not procurable, because "most of the material for these atlases come from Germany." Are such people waiting like lambs till Hun goods come in again?

A Possible Chance.

It has recurred to a reader that he could aid disabled soldiers by teaching them his system of making high-class boots, Court shoes, and fancy slippers. Even a man crippled in both legs could learn to become self-supporting, and a fairly good workman would be turned out in 12 months. Up to now, his proffered services have not been accepted, yet the opening seems one that might usefully be inquired into by any Committee maintaining workshops for crippled men. Perhaps publicity may lead to investigation.

The Heedless Hunt.

Some Yorkshire miners, returning from the pit, had a fine view of the local Hunt. Their first feeling was surprise to find so many young men following hounds instead of Huns; their next was indignation because the Hunt was riding across a field of wheat, just nicely coming through. Had a miner walked across it, he would have been fined for trespass and damage to crops; but those men on horseback trampled it ruthlessly and remorselessly, as though it was of no value to the community, and as if there was no shortage or high prices. If hunting is to be carried on, it should be carried on decently.

"German Comrades."

Mr. F. W. Goldstone, M.P. for Sunderland, has been telling his constituents why he voted in Parliament against Conscription, and why, at a certain conference, he used the words, "German comrades." His vote was given because "it was a local and national desire that Conscription should not operate in this country." There is no such national desire; it is only the Objects and Fellowship cranks who would bar its equitable operation. And he spoke of "German comrades" because "certain Socialists in Germany had made a stand against militarism." The excuse is thin.

The Woman's Part.

Surely that "Recruiting Officer's" ears must tingle since he wrote that soldiers' wives spent their allowances on gramophones and luxuries. One good lady, with three children, shows how rent, coal, bread, and other absolute necessaries, leave her with but seven shillings for meat, vegetables, boots and clothing. "Is it proposed," she asks, "that she should black the children all over to save clothes?" She slaves at needlework till the early hours, and draws this picture: "What will my husband find when he comes home? A woman aged with worry and strain of making ends meet!" To taunt such brave women with extravagance is stupid cruelty.

Tommy's Tot.

This from a Scottish reader: "I have interviewed several who have been in the trenches, some of whom were total abstainers before joining the Army, and all agree that the rum tot is of vital importance—some say they could not have gone through the ordeal without it. I have a son, who was an abstainer from intoxicants previous to joining the Army. He is now in the trenches. He says that they all look forward in the morning for its arrival; it makes new men of them." 'Nuf said.

A Use for the Cases.

Somebody suggests a sensible use for those ammunition boxes and bacon cases, sold retail at 3d. and 6d. apiece. In Torquay there are many soldiers billeted in empty houses. Having no beds, they sleep in their blankets, not oppressively thick, on the floor. The floor is washed over in the daytime and is often damp o' nights—and there are no fires. As the weather is not hot, the men are rather cold, and that is where those boxes and cases might come in handy.

Our Home Defenders.

We mean those splendid chaps—some of them invalided home, some over age, and others too young—who are guarding the East Coast, and who are watching in the desolation of the marshes. Well, if you would like to know that they have a few comforts—over and above the official equipment—just send a subscription along to the Treasurer, Home Defence Comforts Fund, 9, Moreton Gardens, S.W. Thanks!

Three Score and Ten.

However slow the authorities may be in allotting pension money, they are remarkably swift in withdrawing the dole when opportunity arises. There is an old widow lady who has had one son killed and two wounded. For her dead boy she had been granted a pension of 5s. weekly, but just recently she reached the age of 70. And some bright official, watching for the chance, seized upon her birthday to inform her that, as she was eligible for an old age pension, her war pension would cease. For decency's sake, he need not have been so quick to pounce.

The Policeman's Eye.

Mansfield policemen are "hot stuff" when eyeing vehicles for lamps which are not alight. Four drivers found themselves summoned for having no rear light, or for having a light not properly shaded, and there were fines of 30s. and 21s. Being "guilty," there was nothing for the men to do except pay up and look pleasant. But they looked savage the next morning, for only by the skin of their tyres was a collision averted with a couple of Corporation carts. The hour was 6.32 a.m., the spot was the Market Place—it was pitch dark, but those carts had no lights whatever. Dare not the police summon the Corporation?

The Editor in Panto.

No, we are not playing either Principal Boy or the Wicked Uncle, or even the Broken Baron. We refer to the wonderful number of references to ourselves and JOHN BULL which are found this year in pantomimes all over the country. And, as far as we know, not one of them is unkind. Here's a fair specimen:—

"A wire I'll send to a gentleman friend,
I'll call him 'Horatio B.,'
He's noted to-day for seeing fair play
In a country that claims to be free.
If you feel in a plight, to his journal you write,
And get reparation in full—
So you'll all say with me: 'Good luck to H.B.,
And continued success to JOHN BULL.'"

There is £250 waiting for *you*. See page 28.

Your Neighbour's Garden.

Many a man gone to the war has left behind a garden that it was his pride to tend and cultivate. Neighbours should see that the cherished plot does not run to weeds. The reader with a garden of his own could spare an occasional hour to dig and plant the bit of earth, and could invite others near-by to lend a hand. It would be two good deeds at one dig, for the vegetables—each neighbour sparing a few seeds or plants—would feed the family, while the soldier, coming home, would find his heart made glad because his garden was flourishing yet.

Lads Cast Adrift.

Recent complaints about lads loitering in the streets, with suggestions that employment should be ordered for them, have had a curious sequel at some shell works in the North London district. All lads between the ages of 14 and 21 have received a week's notice of dismissal, without a word of explanation. One of them has been to France to do his bit, but was discharged from the Army because he is under age. Now he has lost his job, being adjudged too young for that also, while fit men of military age are retained. We should like to know the reason for this step.

Deer Food.

From beyond the Tweed comes a complaint about the feeding of red deer on Indian corn and locust beans, something like 30 tons being landed from a single boat. This was for the deer in one forest, the animals in the next forest not being "fed" at all, but thriving equally well on their grazing. Therefore it was sheer waste, supporting our contention that half the deer should be shot to provide food—not fed with valuable commodities. It is, of course, quite in character that the corn-waster should refuse to grant any deer-meat to the poor, although his neighbour has made fine contributions.

Railway Fares Imposition.

How much longer is the Board of Trade going to take to reconsider the monstrous imposition put upon the business travelling public by the increase in railway fares? This is how it works out in the case of a reader of ours who is doing his bit in the danger buildings at Woolwich Arsenal—filling shells. It costs him 10d. a day railway expenses out of his wages. He is now commencing extra night shifts, costing him 1s. 8d. a day—11s. 8d. a week. He has only five hours out of 24 for sleep. "I protest," he says, "at having to pay extra money for night shift. Do not you think I am amply justified?" We do. Even the Wait-and-See Government had no such rotten bit of bureaucratic legislation to its discredit as this.

The War Loan.

Time is getting short. Remember, every pound you now invest is a nail in the Kaiser's coffin. Hurry up! If you want help, see the Government announcement, and also that of the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Companies, appearing elsewhere in this issue.

"Jack Sprat."

More about Jack Sprat, and how he goes bad through delay on the railways. He is splendid food value, equal to John Cob—who is a herring—and, to some palates, superior. To the fishers he should be worth £9 to £12 a ton. But delay on rail causes him to be sold to potato growers—for manure, and the price is 20s. to 30s. a ton. One potato merchant, after buying 20 tons, says: "I want all I can get at 30s., but it will be a confounded shame if I get another pound as manure." It is wicked mismanagement to spoil food like that.

"Totally Unfit for Service."

According to a lady Guardian of Levenshulme, one Ebenezer Davies was in receipt of outdoor relief when he offered himself for enlistment. The doctor's certificate declared acute heart trouble, and he was rejected, his papers being marked "totally unfit for service." He was nevertheless called up in November last. On the march to the barracks he had to fall out. On another march, a few days afterwards, he had to be conveyed to barracks on a motor-lorry. Sixteen days after being called up he was inoculated, and fainted during the operation. "The day following he was called to a fire drill in the snow, and on December 6th last died in hospital." To give the proper finish, "efforts have been made to secure a pension for the family, but so far without success."

No Milk for Baby.

A theatrical lady makes this complaint against the attendants of some railway buffets on the Midland line. "During a fairly long wait last Sunday, I asked at the refreshment-room for a glass of hot milk, saying it was for the baby, but was told they had none to spare; yet at the same time, right under the eyes of the attendants, passengers were filling their glasses of brandy and whisky with milk. At 8 o'clock we had a change and another long wait, when I again asked for a glass of hot milk for the baby, receiving from the young woman there the same reply as previously. However, within five minutes the station cat was given a good saucerful of milk." If a man is entitled at a Midland Railway buffet to have milk with his brandy, surely in sheer humanity a woman is entitled to have milk for her baby.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NORTH MAIL" (Newcastle-on-Tyne):—
"She was sitting at a table, THREADING A NEEDLE WITH ONE HAND and WITH THE OTHER FEELING IN A BASKET FOR THE RIGHT-SIZED PATCH."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Would like to Exchange 4-roomed house, ATTERCLIFFE DISTRICT, for one same size in DECENT LOCALITY."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO":—
"The dug-outs in which the men live are DRY but DAMP. Some have to be PUMPED OUT AT INTERVALS."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE":—
"The warmest places IN ENGLAND yesterday were SCOTLAND and the South-West of England."

"EAST END NEWS AND CHRONICLE":—
"Everyone was in black (at Aix-le-Chapelle). They were either waiting for their DEAD ones to RETURN FROM THE FRONT or were there to bid their friends good-bye."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Bookkeeper required for branch ledgers; . . . SEEDY and accurate."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—
"The *Motor Cycle* says over 165,000 MAGNATES have been made in Britain for war purposes."

"KINEMATOGRAPH AND LANTERN WEEKLY":—
"This is one of those wild farces that HAVE NO BEGINNING NOR ENDING, but are just a riot of fun FROM START TO FINISH."

"DEVON VALLEY TRIBUNE":—
"Mr. John Paterson, Westbourne, with his UNWONTED generosity, has not forgotten deserving people of the Parish during the past festive season."

"HYDERABAD BULLETIN" (advertisement):—
"Our kind patrons are requested not to miss the remaining portion of it (a cinema film) as it will be MORE INTERESTING when this great Universal Serial Feature COMES TO AN END."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

DEAR MR. LONG,—In condoling with you on the loss, in action, of your brilliant son, let me congratulate you on the public spirit which impelled you to leave your sorrow behind you to fill your engagement at the Westminster City Hall. British diplomatic despatches to President Wilson have been silent about the Germhun Colonies, and many of us have been wondering and fearing whether the Government intended to utilise them for bargaining when we reach The Day. Welcome, therefore, is your declaration that what we hold we shall keep. This will assuredly make Bethmann curse, but the thing is that the Bull Dog has the Germhun colonies in his teeth, and won't let go. JOHN BULL.

To Donald Maclean, Esq., M.P., House of Commons Appeal Tribunal.

DEAR MR. MACLEAN,—I am glad to see you gave it hot to the heads of Government Departments who won't take the trouble to find work for an able man unfit for military service and so release an employee to "do his bit." These "funk-holes" in Whitehall are a scandal and a disgrace. As you said, "If they have got a man fit for service they hold on to him—they don't want to be bothered." What is the good of talking about framing vast schemes for national service? What they want is not vast new establishments, but some commonsense—and they want that badly. As Chairman of the House of Commons Tribunal, you know what you are talking about. It is the permanent official who is a blight on departmental efficiency. He is the man who creates all the trouble. Comb *him* out.—that's the remedy. JOHN BULL.

To Sir R. Burbidge, Managing Director, Harrod's Stores.

DEAR SIR RICHARD,—It is to be hoped that the miserable story told at the West London Police Court by a young man who had been in the employ of your firm is an isolated case of that "Harrod's Harshness" of which I have had reason to complain in the past. You told him when he joined up that his place would be kept open for him. Well, he did his bit, came home wounded, and got work with you, only to be discharged because his physical condition was unequal to the heavy demands made upon him. Can you wonder at this unhappy man's bitter remarks? "I answered the call of my country and this is what I get"—12s. 6d. a week pension for himself and his wife to live on. Since the police-court exposure you have, I see, seen fit to offer the man employment again. But I can't understand your statement that the firm was ignorant of the fact that this broken soldier was an old employee. Have you no Roll of Honour? Let's assume it was all a mistake. But don't make any more such unpatriotic bloomers. JOHN BULL.

To H. St. John Raikes, Esq., Recorder of Lynn.

DEAR SIR,—It is good to find on the Bench a Judge like you, who tempers justice with mercy. Corporal Carter, of the 19th Hussars—a man 54 years of age, an old soldier who had done 16 years' previous service, and now 16 months at the Front—certainly deserved the consideration you showed him. He came home to find his wife passing as that of Sergeant-Major Arthur John Murray, A.S.C., and when he found the sneak who had stolen the affection that was his due, he gave him a good hiding. It is true that in his anger he used a knife and inflicted a slight wound. But you took into consideration the provocation and the natural anger of a man who, while allowing his wife 10s. 6d. a week in addition to her separation money, returns to find she has sold up the home and that another man has occupied his place. At the Lynn Borough Quarter Sessions you bound over poor Carter in his own recognisances, at the same time expressing the hope that his C.O. would see that he was permitted to resume the honourable position he had always held in his regiment. That is the true, the human note. You're a man, sir! JOHN BULL.

To Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., Blockade Minister.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—Your attitude in regard to the blockade of the Hun has been unsatisfactory ever since you crossed the floor of the House and joined the Asquith Coalition. You were independent enough as a critic in Opposition, but like the rest of the lawyers you have faithfully adhered to your departmental brief—and for too long that brief came from Lord Grey of Falloden. Only the other day you had the temerity to tell a Nottingham audience that the blockade was not yet completely effective—and that, too, after 2½ years of war! "I do not say it is perfect, but I say it is very nearly complete now, and we shall not rest until it is more complete than it is." For Heaven's sake don't talk so much, but do more. If the Foreign Office had left the Navy alone we should have starved out the Hun a year ago. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Murray Sturgess, The Recorder, Windsor.

M'DEAR LUD,—I wasn't at your last Quarter Sessions myself, but I imagine Mr. R. A. Jones, Barman, of the "Royal City," must have been a prood mon the day. There he was in the dock, all alone in his glory, charged with stealing a certain article, to wit, a pot of jam, value fivepence, and converting the same to his own use—the only villain for the whole Sessions, with the Recorder, the Clerk of the Peace, the Clerk to the Clerk of the Peace, the Chief Constable, the Chaplain, the Police Sergeant, the Usher, the Janitor, thirteen Grand Jurors, twelve Common Jurors, Counsel, Solicitor, Prosecutor, Witnesses, a Shorthand Writer, two Warders, and an early fly assembled to try him or see him tried—all for that jar of jam! He had been waiting two months for this—but it was worth waiting for. You sentenced him to gaol for a day, which I suppose meant that he was let off on the rising of the Court. What will happen if he burgles a pot of bloater paste, goodness only knows; I suppose he will bask in all the pomp and circumstance of the Assizes.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of the Bench, Acock's Green, Birmingham.

SIR,—You had before you the other day an offence against the Lighting Order which, according to the police, was the third at the house of a Mr. Hirsch, of Warwick Road, a gentleman of German birth. On this occasion it was stated in evidence that a broad beam of light could be seen a mile away, and what added to the seriousness of the offence was the fact that the police had had more trouble with this house than with any in the district. When you were told that there was reason to be specially careful in this case, and you asked why, you were given a straight answer: "The occupier is of German birth." Did that convey nothing to you? Very little evidently, for in spite of the two previous convictions you again inflicted a fine—this time on the cook—merely remarking that the option of payment instead of imprisonment would "probably not be given again." Commonsense would have suggested a good stiff term in gaol. Don't you realise what is meant by the Defence of the Realm Act under which this Lighting Order is made? Do wake up! JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Crampton and Co., Contractors to the Portsmouth Board of Guardians.

GENTLEMEN,—I see by what happened at the last meeting of the Portsmouth Board of Guardians that your failure to fulfil your contract to supply coals has led to great suffering on the part of the children in the Union's Home. These little ones, according to Councillor Hall, have been going to school crying with the cold. The Superintendent stated that there was "not a bit of coal in the House," and there were 25 children in bed suffering from chilblains. He had to order a ton elsewhere. These facts may not make a very strong appeal to you; they affect me very much. How would you like to suffer as these children have been made to suffer through your neglect to fulfil the terms of your contract? I see the Guardians decided to write to you, stating that if supplies were not immediately received fuel would be purchased over your heads and the cost charged to you. If there is a penalty clause, I hope it is a strong one. JOHN BULL.

THE "RAG" SCANDAL.

WANTED, A PUBLIC INQUIRY INTO THE BEIT CASE.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

IT was so obvious that the inquest into the circumstances surrounding the death of young Lieut. Beit created public misgiving that the decision of the military authorities to hold an Inquiry was inevitable. The fact that the Inquiry is to be private, and that only the result will be made known, is a mistake. These secret investigations, with a complete suppression of the evidence and the publication of decisions and sentences without giving the public the opportunity of understanding the true position, are un-English and mischievous. But the mere fact that the Army Council have ordered a Military Inquiry does not preclude comment on the tragedy of Lieut. Beit's death—not the first due to "ragging"—nor should it silence those who realise how grave and cruel is the scandal. Here we have a young fellow, keen on soldiering and on sport, a youth of 18½, with all the social advantages resulting from his position as the son of a highly respected millionaire, taking his life because he could not face the fox-hunting—"a legitimate pastime," according to the Coroner of the City of York—of which he was to be made the victim. "I shall have to go through hell another night, so I think the best thing for me to do is to end my life," he wrote. Will anyone deny the pathos of that cry of the youth who, rather than submit to the "legitimate pastime" (there was a time when bull baiting was "legitimate") of his fellow-officers, puts an end to his existence? And yet in face of that letter from the boy to his father—a letter only portions of which were read—the York Coroner told the jury that from the character they had received of Lieut. Beit "it was clear that he would have taken part in it (that is, the fox-hunt—"the legitimate pastime") if he had known of it." Was it "legitimate pastime"? Let me give the description of it as presented by Second Lieut. Dugdale, of the Royal Scots Greys, and leave it to the reader to construct the scene for himself. It is after mess at night; the officers, to quote again the Coroner, were in a "boisterous condition," and this is the game—"the legitimate pastime"—which rather than play young Beit shot himself. In a cub-hunt all the latest joined members of the regiment are "foxes," and are forced to hide themselves. The senior subalterns act as whippers-in and use crops. Lashes are attached, but according to Second Lieut. Dugdale they were not used on this occasion "in any way violently." They also have hunting-horns.

And we are at War!

Realise we are at war. The manhood of the country is ready to make the great sacrifice in the name of patriotism. We are living in times of the greatest gravity, and yet we find senior officers lending their countenance to this "legitimate pastime"! Major Reynolds, commanding the 5th Cavalry Reserve at York, did not go further than to describe it as a "recognised pastime"—which is of a character so violent and so repugnant to the feelings of a young officer, "keen on his soldiering and on sport," that, fearing to submit to such "pastime," he takes his own life. If in these days, which should be days of hard training, subalterns feel "boisterous" after mess there is the manly pastime of boxing for them to indulge in. In the ring the newly joined officer cannot be bullied and ragged by his brother officers, who are senior only in date of appointment. With the gloves on the junior has a chance of giving as good as he gets; there are recognised rules; it is a "legitimate" as well as a "recognised" pastime—not a "rag" that under boisterous conditions may well develop into brutality—*and it is English!* "Ragging" has long been a disgrace to the Army; it is as bad and as brutal as bullying at school. It displays the sport of the Hun rather than the temper of the British people, and it must now be stopped by order of the Army Council. At school many a lad's soul has been broken by the cruelty of the bully; in the Army many a young officer's career has been checked and his future darkened as the result of "ragging."

"Cubs" and "Hounds."

It is all very nice and "legitimate" to return a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily deranged," and to express sympathy with those who have been cruelly robbed of a son, but even from the curiously meagre reports in the Press it is easy to realise the state of mind in which young Beit found himself after he had been ordered to become a "cub," and was given a minute and a half in which to hide himself from the "hounds" armed with horns and hunting-crops. He had returned to barracks at 11.15 after visiting the pictures; he had not dined in mess; he found a boisterous company already angered, or at least annoyed, with his absence from the hunt. Lieut. Lithgow (who, by the way, was not called at the inquest—his evidence would have been most valuable) told him to hide, and stated the time-limit. What did Beit do? Rather than face the hounds and submit himself to the "legitimate pastime," he went out and hid in the darkness on the Low Moor and remained there in the cold night until 2.30 a.m.; at any rate, that was the time he was next seen in barracks. When he returned he found his room wrecked—if he would not submit to be a "cub" and hunted with horn and crop his life should be made impossible.

"Ragging" must be Stopped.

Lest we should over-state the case, we will give Major Alan Reynolds's description of "wrecked"—"the things were overturned, the drawers taken out of a chest, and heaped together." "None of the furniture was smashed"—the boisterous hunt must evidently be praised for moderation—"the only thing broken was a photograph frame." According to this officer, who is in command of the 5th Cavalry Reserve, "'ragging' is nothing like that." This was not the sort of thing for which officers had lost their commissions. "As Commanding Officer he would not have taken any notice of what had been done had it been brought to his attention next day." Well, if that be the attitude of mind of an O.C., then the sooner the Army Council renders this kind of brutality impossible the better it will be for the Army and the reputation of the commissioned rank. What does the ordinary Tommy think when he reads of this sort of vulgar horseplay, a "pastime" which turns a young fellow—sensitive it may be (he is no worse for that) "but keen on his soldering and his sport"—into a suicide? Such "rags" would not be permitted in the ranks—it would be "C.B." for all concerned. Officers might be expected to set an example to their men, and the Army Council has a clear duty in the matter. To-day the commissioned ranks are recruited from all classes of society, from the brains of the country as well as from the "blue blood." What was good enough in the old days, when the Army was just a "profession," is not good enough to-day, when service is a fine sacrifice and a commission is regarded as an honour. This ragging, cub-hunting, "legitimate" or "recognised" pastime must be stopped. Officers must take themselves seriously, and young men who answer their country's call must be protected against the boisterous brutality inherent in a certain type of youth when freed from the restraints of home and indulging in the full licence of barrack life.

THE FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

"There is no God but me!" cries Bill,
In tones of blood and thunder;
"On all the world I'll work my will,
Or split the earth asunder!"

...ill—blaspheming fool!—will learn
... made a fatal blunder,
...oon the world will "take a turn,"
... Bill will then go under.

THE PIN-PRICK PLAGUE.

ANNOYING THE GALLANT ANZAC LADS—THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

By A. G. Hales.

THE Anzac troops are not plaster saints; no one who knows the breed would make that claim on their behalf—they would not thank anyone who did so. They are just a manly, straightforward lot of men, who have stepped forward willingly to help in the biggest military and naval enterprise of modern times, and so far they have done all that has been asked of them in a manner which has won the warm admiration of the whole watching world. It was a common fallacy amongst British critics at the outset of the war that neither the Australian nor New Zealand troops would stand discipline. In the early days, before Gallipoli, it was no unusual thing to hear the opinion expressed that the Colonials would make excellent scouts and good guerilla fighters, but that they would not stand the strain of war under conditions imposed upon "regular" soldiers in set battles. Men who expressed those views—and their name was legion—were utterly unacquainted with Colonial life or Colonial men. They had had no opportunity of studying the peculiar temperament of the lads from "down under." The critics seemed to take it for granted that these young volunteers, bred in an atmosphere of wonderful freedom, were prone to licence in mistake for liberty. There never was a greater error. There is not on the face of the earth a more law-abiding set of men than the sons of New Zealand and Australia; the great mining "rushes" prove this to be an incontrovertible fact. I have been a participant in nearly every great gold, silver, or copper "rush" of my time, and have been with just such men as those who are now fighting under the Anzac flag when they "rushed" hundreds of miles inland in search of precious metal—not in their hundreds but in their thousands. When they leave civilization behind them they are beyond the pale of the law; no troops ever go with those thousands of men to keep the peace, and a policeman is the rarest sight under the sun. Yet there is no disorder, no robbery, no violence worth speaking about; and the use of knife or gun in deadly earnest has not occurred ten times in twenty years on those uncontrolled stampedes into the wilderness—where it *has* occurred, it has nearly always been the work of some foreign desperado lured to the fields by the magic of gold.

The Unwritten Law.

What keeps these hardy men straight and manly, even when tempers are frayed by bitter hardships that try the stoutest nerve? what makes them a law-abiding, upright community even when four-fifths of them are suffering not only hardships but heart-breaking disappointments, which always happen on every mining rush—for the prizes are few, the failures many? It is the great unwritten law that, thank God, has been bred in their marrow by fathers and mothers who had big ideals. And the "unwritten law" can be summed up in the usual parting words of the old pioneer to his son—"Play the game, lad; play it like a man." But woe to the man who mistakes that inherent love of the unwritten law for weakness or tameness of spirit, and tries to impose upon them! Justice they give, and give ungrudgingly; and Justice they demand—and if it is not given them, they will take it with the strong hand, no matter the price they have to pay. Taking them as a whole, they are the most undemonstrative people I know; but at heart they are volcanic, and they are never so dangerous as when they are at their quietest. Every public rising I have seen in the Anzac countries—and I have seen many—has leapt from a seemingly untroubled sea of feeling; they bottle up their anger to the bursting point. Then they act, and act drastically. They hate to be forced to do anything—*ask* them to do things, and they will give you of their best, even to the laying down of their lives; try and force them, and you are at once up against the battery mule problem. I know them—have worked with them and led them—and I knew that when Conscription was mooted for the Anzac lands neither New Zealand nor Australia would stand it for a moment. The men who were responsible for that movement did more harm than a generation will undo; they did not understand the people.

The Pin-Pricking Plague.

Your true Anzac will stand a big trouble stoically, and smile; keep on pin-pricking him, and you rouse a demon not easily laid. My post-bag is full every week of complaints of pin-pricking. Here is a sample: A couple of soldiers, in London for a few days, walked into an hotel and asked for the use of an idle billiard-table. They were flatly refused permission to play. They went to the bar and called for a drink, both being perfectly sober—they were refused. They saw the proprietor and asked his reason for the gross rudeness. He replied: "I don't want your custom," and they had to leave, savage with the insolence of a man for whom they had come fourteen thousand miles to fight, a man whose roof and business they and the British Tommies had kept safe from Hun violence. On inquiry outside, they were informed that some time previous a few Anzacs of a less orderly type had created a disturbance in that licensed house—therefore, all Anzac soldiers were barred. This kind of thing must stop; a nation's soldiers must not, and shall not, be insulted because a few larrikins disgrace their uniform. If the landlord had a grievance against certain evil-doers, he should have called the officers of the law and dealt out justice. He neglected to do so: he will not be permitted to insult whom he pleases. Those of us who love the Anzac uniform do not want to see a repetition of the scenes which took place in Cape Town at the end of the Boer War, or of the wrecking which disturbed the peace of Cairo during the present strife; but it may well happen that a draft fresh from the battlefields, meeting with such disgusting treatment in London, may run amok. None of us who has the welfare of the nation at heart wants anything of the kind to happen; meddling politicians, who could not "let well alone," have already strained good feeling far enough, without the insulting behaviour of petty tradesmen adding to the strain. This I know—that if a British sailor in uniform were treated in a similar way in an Anzac city, the populace would resent it in a manner the publicans would be slow to forget, and the Licensing Bench would remember it also on the day for renewal of licences. A soldier's uniform is a thing to be proud of, a livery to glory in; it is not a thing that any fat saloon-keeper should be permitted to tread in the dust with impunity. Another Anzac pin-prick is the refusal of British tradesmen to take Colonial silver coinage in payment for goods; it is common for them to have their country's money handed back with the contemptuous remark, "I don't take foreign money." I've had that experience myself. Foreign money! And yet another pin-prick is the eternal salute in the streets. It's a weariness to the flesh in cities when on leave for veterans of many battles to have to salute some raw boy who has never smelt powder outside a Chinese cracker in his life! Let us drop the "trimmings" and the pin-pricks, and get on with the war!

FINANCIAL SLACKERS.

CO-OPERATORS AND THE NEEDS OF THE STATE.

The news that Co-operative Societies are to become liable for Excess Profits Duty upon their large wholesale and retail earnings will be agreeable to the general sense of justice—though it will doubtless be resented by the Societies, who seem to have conceived a most extraordinary notion of their position in the State. The plain facts of the situation are that Co-operative Societies are profit-seeking enterprises, in active competition with independent traders, and it is obviously most unfair that they should be relieved of burdens which ought to be shared equitably by all sections of the trading community. Apart from the relief from war-taxation that they have hitherto enjoyed, the Societies seem to claim other extravagant privileges, some of them utterly opposed to every consideration of public policy. For example, at Eastbourne, where proceedings were recently taken against a local Co-operative Stores in respect of the sale of canned fish alleged to be unfit for food, it was actually pleaded that, as the fish had been bought by a member of the Society, there had been no "sale" in a legal sense, and therefore no prosecution could lie. It is perhaps not surprising that folk with such curious ideas of their position in the community should talk of "fighting" the financial demands of the State, as did the President of the Stratford Society in the course of a recent interview, but from co-operation in general we should have expected a larger measure of practical patriotism. Unfortunately, however, the current literature of the movement and the utterances of some of its leaders are not entirely free from the taint of pacifism—a fact not to be overlooked. The personal interests of private citizens are now in the melting-pot and—however they may be banded together for protection or aggression against their compatriots—it behoves them to make such sacrifices for the commonweal as the extraordinary position of affairs demands.

WEEPING WILLIAM.

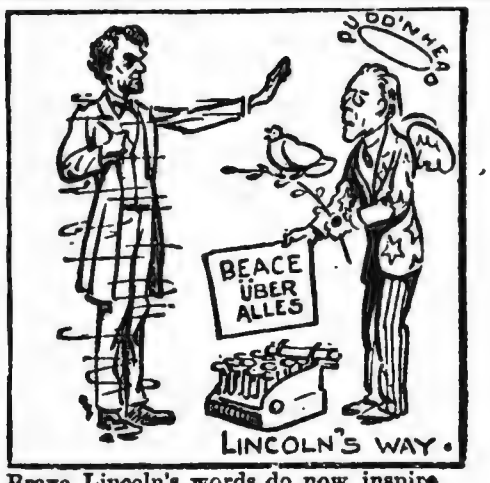
THE DOLEFUL WAIL OF A PEACE FANATIC.

Who or what is Mr. William Windsor, of Birkdale, Lancashire, we have no means of knowing, nor is it clear why he should burst into the columns of the *Primitive Methodist Leader* with the piquant confession that the 25th December last was "the saddest Christmas Day of his life." However, from the prominence given to this intimate personal revelation, it may be inferred that Weeping William is a person of light and leading in the Primitive Methodist fraternity—and common courtesy compels us, therefore, to inquire, as it were, into the present state of his health. It seems that Mr. Windsor's trouble arises from unsatisfied desire. "I want peace," he says—and it is evident that he wants it not merely in the interests of the nation, or to ensure a merry Christmas next December, but for the sake of the suffering Huns, for whom it seems he has conceived a tender compassion. "I want peace," he explains, "for the suffering and perishing millions of Europe of every race and name; it matters nothing to me whether you call them friends or foes." After this unpatriotic confession, whose cynical hardihood deserves the Iron Cross, Mr. Windsor takes high ground. Of the great ones of the earth he is loftily contemptuous; indeed, it seems that he has no particular use for anybody except Mr. William Windsor, of Birkdale, Lancs. Otherwise, he has the air of a slightly bored Deity. "I am weary of emperors," he laments, "of kings, statesmen and war-chiefs"—just fancy that, and not a word of compliment to the great Neutral Notary of Washington, whose "peace without victory" is just the peace for which Mr. William Windsor pines and prays! Evidently, Whining Willy is in sad case, and it is a good job that no inconvenience would be caused to anybody, if, like his namesake in the hymn-book, he would "like to die." Compared to that of the humblest "Tommy," his life is valueless.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

All Volunteers—the young, the old,
The scared, the stolid, and the bold—
Should now respond like anything
To the loud summons of the King.



Bravo Lincoln's words do now inspire
His follower with honest fire;
He throws away the pen at last—
The time for writing long has past.

The Germans, horror-stricken, view
The barbarous things we British do:
What they do with impunity
In us is reckoned villainy.

To us has come the tearful moan
Of small investors in *the* Loan,
Who have so many forms to sign
That some impatient ones decline.

Officialdom g
And clips o
By Orders, n
And—well
day by day—
and drink,
hing, but think!

Some Germans in the Kaiser see
The cause of all their misery;
He, and his robber son, they hate,
And hint that he should abdicate.

OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

INNOCENT GIRL SHAMEFULLY WRONGED.

"One way of turning girls on to our streets" is the opprobrious description applied by a Shrewsbury journal to "the system of engagement, suspension, and dismissal prevailing in the General Post Office." A girl employed at the local Post Office was suspected of dishonest practices, and suspended from her duties on November 23rd last. It was not till a month later that she was summoned to appear before the Magistrates, by whom the charge of fraud was summarily dismissed, but in the meantime she was callously kept out of the balance of the money she had earned. Moreover, even after the girl's acquittal the Post Office authorities seem to have had no desire to make amends, for it was not until January 4th last that the arrears of wages were paid off, and at the same time she was dismissed from the postal service, the judgment of the Magistrates apparently being held of no account. As far as the Post Office authorities were concerned, this innocent girl could hardly have been treated worse had she been a convicted felon. Moreover, having been dismissed from the Government service without reason assigned, she will find it difficult—if not impossible—to obtain honest employment elsewhere, and thus the effects of this act of official injustice may spoil her whole career. Who are we to blame?

AN OUTRAGEOUS DEMAND.

NORTH LONDON LANDLORD'S BRAZEN BLUFF.

By a long established practice, a landlord's income tax upon the rentals of houses he owns is collected from the tenants, there being a legal proviso—endorsed on the Demand Note—that the tenant may deduct the amount from the instalment of rent next falling due. This arrangement works, as a rule, with a minimum of friction, but occasionally a house owner ventures to tilt against the law. For example, a Hornsey reader renting a house on a yearly tenancy granted by Messrs. George and George M. Schmidt, of Hampstead, was recently served with the following amazing notice:

Dear Sir,—In view of the Property Tax having been raised from 1s. in the £ in normal times to 5s. in the £, making an extra charge of £4 4s. per annum, I am requested to notify you herewith that your share of the contribution to the State will be collected at each month, being an additional charge of 7s. per month to your present payment, to commence Feb. 1st, 1917. Please note this is not a raising of rent.

Yours faithfully, G. Smith, For the Landlord.

196a, Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W., Jan. 1st, 1917.

For this barefaced attempt partially to transfer the landlord's liability to the shoulders of the tenant there is no shadow of legal justification. It is an impudent and transparent bluff.

"DEVOTION'S" RICH REWARD.

NOT A WAR BONUS, BUT A CERTIFICATE SOME DAY.

The Chairman of the National Amalgamated Approved Society has issued his "Circular Letter No. 296." His name is Neill, but his notes are equal to those of a Wilson. Mr. Neill compliments the members of the Registered Office staff on the "noble manner" in which they had "learned all about National Health Insurance in order to assist the Society." In recognition of their cheerful performance of very heavy extra duties, and so that they may "look back with pride" upon their time of toil, the Society is going to give them, on the termination of the war—is going to give them—sit back and hold fight!—"a suitably framed certificate setting forth the time given to this Work of National Importance." What wonderful generosity! How such a gift—when they get it—will be treasured! Perhaps some of the "Ladies and Gentlemen" would prefer a war bonus now; but it is a base spirit that looks for money, which is but dross. Think of the years to come, when some lady clerk's son shall ask, "Mamma, what did *you* do in the Great War?" "I worked in a 'Spirit of Devotion,' as Mr. Neill put it, 'for the National Amalgamated." "And did you get a Bonus, mamma?" "No, my pet." "Did you get a medal, mamma?" "No, my darling." "What *did* you get, mamma?" "I got a bit of printed paper, with a frame round it, my dear. And I thought it rather mean!"

OFFICER AND—BRUTE.

SHAMEFUL STORY OF CRUELTY TO A CAT.

Captain St. Clair Bolton, R.E., no doubt considers himself entitled to the fine old description, "An officer and a gentleman," and he would be highly annoyed should anybody cast any doubt upon his right to deem himself such. But one is obliged to think twice about the matter after reading the report of certain proceedings before the Bench at Dunstable, where the gallant captain was summoned for "cruelly ill-treating a cat by setting his terrier on to it." After citing the charge in those words, the reporter laconically adds, "The cat was killed." A corporal of engineers and an engine-driver gave evidence, and swore that they saw the Captain "swinging the cat by the tail, while the terrier hung on to it. The cat was screaming." We do trust that this is not the brave warrior's conception of what constitutes "sport," for there is not a true sportsman in the land who would agree with him in the notion. To set a dog to worry a cat to death is evidence of a low and vicious taste, and we do not envy the feelings of a soldier when bidden to stand up in Court to answer such a charge. He is probably ashamed of himself now, and his self-reproach will not be soothed by the observation of the Mayor that "it was one of the worst cases of the kind ever brought before the Court." The substantial fine of £25 was imposed, and the amount may, or may not, be a serious matter to Captain St. Clair Bolton. What is serious in the affair is to think the thing should be done by an officer, by a soldier, whose rule of service is to protect the weak.

LIFTING THE POTATOES.

HOW THE PEOPLE HELPED THE "HARVEST HOME."

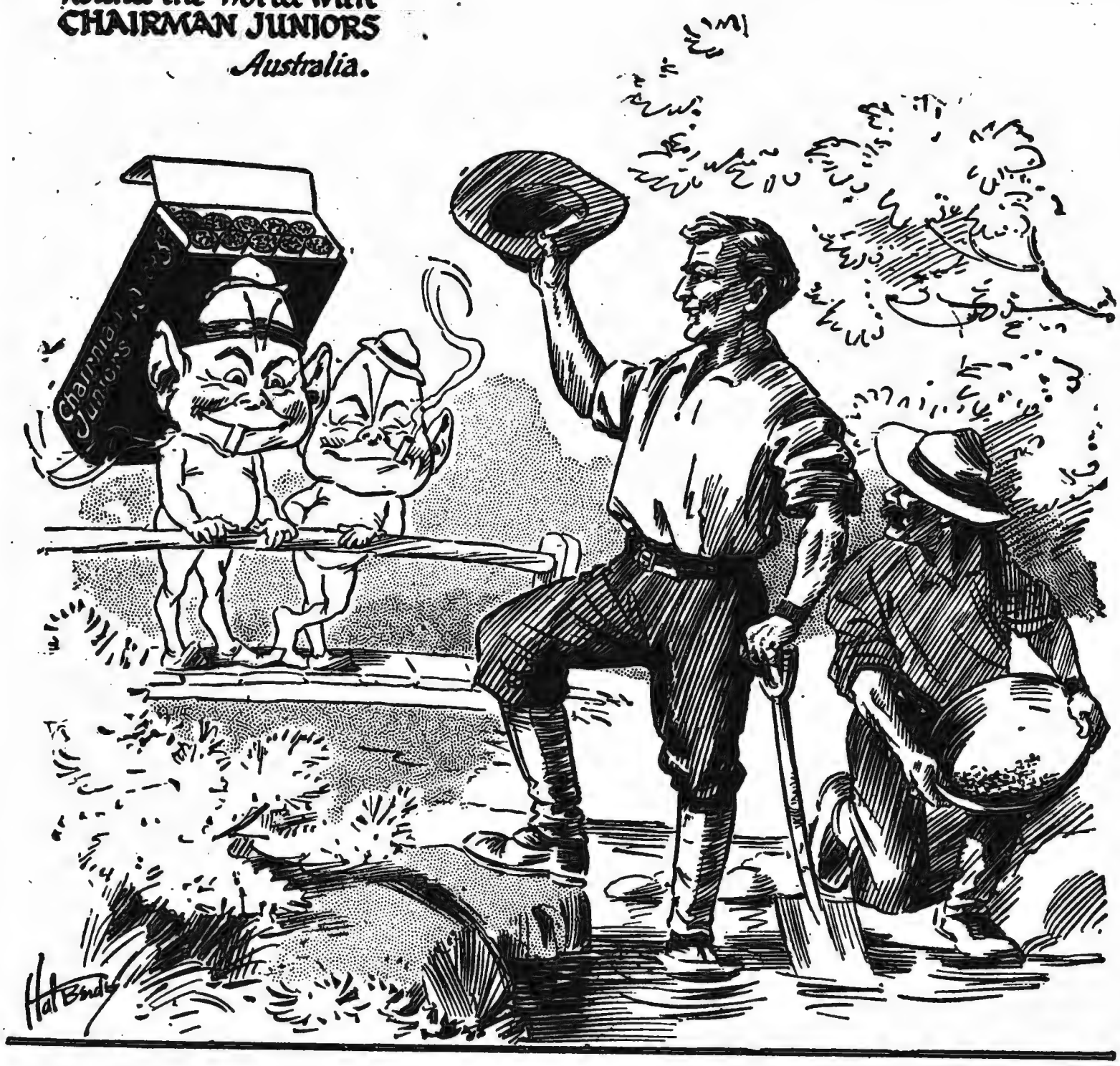
Six people, three of them adults and three children, were summoned at Maryport, Durham, for raiding a potato field. The adults were fined 20s. each; the children had to pay costs. But that is not the point. The point is the defence that potatoes are scarce, and that the farmer got exemption as a food producer—yet on these four acres the potatoes were still in the ground, being kept for seed and pigs. As the farmer would not lift them, the people decided to lift them for him, and when the police arrived they found 20 or 30 digging by lamplight! It would be naughty of us to say on which side lies our sympathy. But we agree with the protest that "it is more important that the potatoes should feed the people than pigs." Even the Chairman of the Bench, though compelled to impose fines, had a few salutary things to say. "Farmers should thank soldiers fighting for them for a shilling a day, and should not charge more than the shortage of potatoes warranted." That is quite true, and it is equally true that farmers who hoard food supplies or waste them must expect trouble of one kind or another.

APOSTLES OF CORRUPTION.

WARNING TO WOMEN OF INSIDIOUS DANGER.

Our warnings in regard to the immoral activities of the Mormons, and some other weird religious sects, are not to be taken lightly or dismissed as the outcome of prejudice. We have more than sufficient evidence to show that for years past a definite campaign of corruption has been on foot, the aim being to seduce respectable women, and to persuade them by threats and promises and by working upon their religious instincts, to become the "divine slaves" and ultimately the "spiritual brides" of the male missionaries of evil. For these criminal schemes the Mormons or Latter Day Saints, with their notorious principles of polygamy, are not alone responsible. There are other fancy fraternities open to suspicion almost equally grave. In many instances girls, and even married women, have been persuaded by these "spiritual" vampires to leave their homes and families for emigration to distant lands, their ultimate fate being a matter for easy conjecture. In the circumstances of the war, with many thousands of husbands absent from their homes, such perils are enormously enhanced, and decent women cannot be too strongly advised to slam the door in the face of any stranger who proposes to engage them in "religious" conversation. Meanwhile, the police might be more alert.

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
Australia.



Now the hardy pioneer puts up a hearty cheer,
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For a packet of the best at 10 *for* 3*d.*

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GOOD
THE RAT IN THE TRAP—A

By THE EI

TO my mind, the latest move of Germany is the best news we have had for many months. The mad dog is madder than ever; the hound of Europe is foaming at the mouth—the rabies of desperation has seized his vitals. He is hopelessly hungry; he is bleeding from the wounds the Allies have implanted in his pestilent body; his madness is the madness of despair. The Kaiser is insane—not with the insanity of defeat only; there is abundant evidence that his mind has cracked under the strain of disappointment, the impending doom of final defeat. For years he has posed as the War Lord, as the Chosen of God, the Monarch destined to mould the world in the image of the Hun, and to rule it for the aggrandisement of the House of Hohenzollern. The malady from which the blood-inflamed Kaiser has long suffered has meant those recurrent brain storms which at one time have angered his people—at another, have startled the world. Now he is mad indeed—totally, hopelessly mad. In his dementia he sees the crimson clouds of annihilation gathering thick and fast; in his insanity he declares war upon the world. So let it be. This new gospel of frightfulness which denies to the Neutral the right to live on any terms but those of Germany's dictation, which refuses to the sick and the wounded the succour of humanity, and treats a hospital ship like a transport, is a challenge to all mankind—a revelation to the Neutral which has, curiously enough, come upon him, we are told, with stunning surprise.

The Threat no Surprise to Us.

To those of us who long ago took the measure of the inhuman monster and all his gang of liars and cut-throats, there is no new surprise in the threat of submarine murder. And let this be said—the threat may be carried out. Germany is starving; her people are complaining in the streets, her old folk are dying, her children are crying for milk and bread. Did you read that statement the other day about the wealthy journeying to the borders of Germany in order to beg food from the Neutral States? It is eloquently true—it is dramatically significant. The military power the Hun has concentrated on land has been met by the naval power which, under Providence, we have amassed on the seas. But for that power, which has shut off from the foe the supplies of the world, the enemy would to-day be conquerors in Europe, and the splendid manpower of the Empire—instead of standing shoulder to shoulder with our Allies on the Continent—would be massed on the coasts of our Eastern seaboard to hold back the invaders of our land. I am glad of the insolent threats to America; I find satisfaction in the mad dog's defiance of all the Neutrals of the world. Why? Because it is a revelation at once of Germany's desperation and a confirmation—if confirmation were needed—that in taking up arms against the Hun we are fighting the battle of Liberty and Humanity. The great United States has been told in language of studied insolence, in the phraseology of the bully and the blusterer, that her ships shall sail the ocean only with the permission and on the terms Germany chooses to dictate. There are surely limits to the patience even of President Wilson; there must be some dregs in the cup of national humiliation which cannot pass the lips of a great and "proud" people. Germany has thrown down a challenge so impudent in its terms, so overbearing in its conditions, that he who would refuse the one and accept the other would for all time bear the searing mark of the craven. I have written in strong terms about Woodrow Wilson; I have warned him that if he cannot be found on the side of Justice and Truth, then for decency's sake he must stand aside and not hamper those who are fighting his battle—the battle of the whole civilised world.

Kaiser's Desperate Game.

This must not be forgotten—that hitherto in his desire for peace he has suggested a condition of things which would result in continuous wars; that, in the strain to keep outside the area of actual conflict, he has been looking at Armageddon in blinkers, seeing only what he desired to see and shaping a course which, if not wholly selfish, has looked at the smaller national interests rather than to the larger concerns of principle and morality. But Fate has been too strong for the great Neutral. We see at last the red clouds of war about to burst over the Atlantic. Germany threatens—will she defy? I think she will. The Hun is asking for, is seeking, trouble. The game is over—all is up with Germany! The Kaiser knows it, and he would shock the world to force a peace. He hopes, too, by thus provoking America and making her hostile, that he will be able to "save his face" with his own people—he will declare it impossible to fight the world in arms, and so seek an excuse for giving in. That is how I see the situation. Don't you think I am right? There is but one answer to a Power which denies to the Neutral the highway of the oceans, and not only tears up as another "scrap of paper" international maritime agreements, but flouts and derides the mighty unwritten laws of humanity and mercy. This at least must be clear even to the mind of the most timid of rulers—Germany has thrown down a challenge to the whole world; it is the Mad Dog against Humanity—and upon the way that challenge is treated depends the future of civilisation, the very foundations of human intercourse in the years to come. There is no occasion for panic, but rather for congratulation and consolation. The Butcher of Berlin is sharpening his knife for the last time. His brutal cuts and thrusts have been met by the Allies without flinching—nay more, their clean rapier thrust has sunk deep into his flesh. He is bruised and bleeding; his nerve has broken under the strain of starvation. His new move is desperate indeed—desperate in the motive inducing it, and desperate in the merciless and murderous policy with which, blind fool that he is, he hopes to shock humanity into calling a truce in his favour. He will fail in this, as he has failed in every cherished design since he got his blood-dripping fangs into the fair body of Belgium and marched with lasci-

NEWS.

—ALL UP WITH GERMANY.

E EDITOR.

vious lips on Paris. A month ago, President Wilson—misguided and misjudging—was talking of the equality of aim of the mad dog and the Allies, urging "peace without victory," and writing glibly of the "freedom of the seas." Well, we forgive him, for we like to believe he knew not what he said. Does he realise that what he was doing was to declare war on British power at sea in the interests of the pirate of the world? In one sense we, too, desire the freedom of the seas; it is for that we have fought, not in this war only but in other wars in other centuries in which the prowess of the British navy gained that freedom for the world. It was by sea victory we secured sea peace. We guarded the rights of all nations to send their ships in safety over the water-ways of the globe. During long generations we have policed those paths with our men-of-war—driving pirates from them, surveying them, making them safe so far as man could do it, from the peril of the tempest and of the rock-bound shore. In the long piping days of peace always and everywhere the White Ensign, the Flag of the Royal Navy, was hailed as the saviour and protector of all vessels sailing on lawful missions, and as the terror of the malefactor whoever he might be. But "freedom of the seas," in the sense President Wilson has used the term, means nothing of all this of which I have written.

"Freedom of the Seas."

It is a technical expression, meaning that in future wars all merchant vessels would be secure against the fighting ships of their foes. If that had been the accepted law of nations when this conflict began, Germany would have been free to draw supplies from wherever she could procure them, and to carry them in her own merchantment to her own ports Munitions from the United States, food from the Argentine—whatever she wanted that she could have had. Vain would have been the superiority of our Fleet, while to us overwhelming would have been the million superiority of her fighting men. Germany would have flaunted her flag on every sea, safe from capture or question. That is the American meaning of "freedom of the seas." A great naval nation—fighting for its life, as we are fighting to-day, against a merciless, inhuman and unscrupulous foe—would thus have, as it were, the right arm of its strength bound behind it. Does President Wilson now realise what he was asking? Does he yet measure the criminal foulness of the nation in whose behalf that unspeakable request would operate to our despite—yes, and even to our destruction? I sincerely hope he does. "Freedom of the seas" would mean the sacrifice of the "command of the seas"—that command for which our fleets fight with such manliness, such courage, such strength—when they can get at the enemy—or in the exercise of which we compel the Hun to skulk in his fortified harbours. What the sneaking, murderous submarine, for all the destruction it has wrought, has utterly failed to achieve is to enable the German merchantmen to sail the seas. Do you *now* realise, Mr. President, what you asked? Could you be surprised if that request, whose fulfilment would destroy us as an island Power—as the greatest Empire of the world—was taken as a cruel insult?

An Unpardonable Insult.

But to-day the immediate past is forgotten in the insistent present. You, too, as the head of a great free people have been deeply insulted. How could you take it, except to throw it back in the teeth of the insolent dog? Many stones have been aimed at your nationhood, your power, your pride. This last blow is surely beyond the possibility of "explanations." No "Note" can wipe out the offence; no written word can hide the insult or cover the affront. You either use the seas as the pirates dictate, or murder is reserved for your citizens. The Stars and Stripes are to be blurred with the bloody mark of the Hun or your ships will go down into the deep, victims of the torpedo of the U-boat. You must sail along the defined course—you must turn neither to the right nor to the left; you must restrict the number of your sailings as it pleases the infamous Hohenzollern, or death awaits your women and your children, your mariners and peaceful citizens. That is the threat; that the insult. You could make only one answer. Germany has at last overstepped the mark. Hoping to intimidate you into further efforts for a peace that would save her from destruction, she has stirred the citizens of the United States to the anger which bears down governments and overturns thrones. "Diplomatic relations have been severed." We know what *that* means—or, at any rate, what it *should* mean. It should mean that by the time these words are read, the whole of the great Anglo-Saxon family will be armed and fighting in defence of those principles upon which the great North American Continent is supposed to have rested the foundations of its life and destiny. God guide its rulers aright!

Our Duty Clear as Noon-day.

As for us, our path is as clear as the sun at noon-day. These exhibitions of "frightfulness" are hopeful signs; these threats of wholesale murder reveal the desperation of the foe. Before the Spring is over universal want in Germany will have spread to desperate famine. Even her soldiers facing our gallant fellows, vigorous in the health of good food and a good cause, are feeling the stomach pinch of restricted rations, the chills of insufficient clothes. We must meet the foe on sea, as on land, with confident courage. His days are numbered; his defeat is at hand. By such sacrifices at home as the food situation may demand—it will not be for long—by fighting the submarine and building up our mercantile marine, we can yet maintain power on the sea, as we shall achieve victory on the land. It is a struggle of which the end is already in sight. The meaning of the Hun threat is a message of hope and encouragement. It presages his inevitable defeat and our assured triumph. Not long now can victory be delayed. It must soon be over. The sands of the glass of Fate are rapidly running out. The Kaiser and his hopes are doomed. The German Empire is a thing of the past. The world is saved!

"THE LIE AND THE LIAR."

MORE CLERICAL CARELESSNESS—INSULTING THE TOMMIES.

In our issue of January 6th, under the above heading, appeared the following paragraph:

> Judging by the "report on temperance" which the Clerk, the Rev. George Sinclair, one of the United Frees of Dunbar, presented to the Haddington U.F. Presbytery, that pumpuritan pastor is a woeful inexactitudinarian. 'Were they to hold their tongues,' he asked, 'while they were told that a tot of rum given to men in the trenches had the effect on some of them who were abstainers before the war that when they went out to meet the enemy, intending to shoot him, they shot one another?' There seems to be no lie too shameful for some of these teetotal fanatics. Their tongues ought to be blistered.

On January 8th the Rev. G. Sinclair wrote us as follows—from the Abbey Manse, Dunbar:

> Somebody has been good enough or malicious enough (I don't know which) to send me a copy of JOHN BULL (needless to say I never buy JOHN BULL) with a paragraph in which my name occurs carefully marked. The little tit-bit is headed: "The Lie and the Liar." I quote only what I am supposed to have said: 'Were they to hold their tongues while they were told that the tot of rum given to men in the trenches had the effect on some of them who were abstainers before the war that when they went out to meet the enemy, intending to shoot him, they shot one another?' If you mean that I was *not* "told," I ask: How do you know? If you mean that what I was told is untrue, I again ask: How do *you* know? It is perhaps unnecessary to add that had I read in JOHN BULL (which I might quite well have done) that the tot of rum sometimes had such effects—in that case I should have hesitated to repeat the statement. *I wonder why it is that Canada has exacted a promise from the War Office that in future a rum ration shall not be served in ordinary course to the soldiers of the Dominion?* The John Bull whom I know is a blunt, straightforward, honest fellow; the JOHN BULL to whom I am writing may not even have the manliness to give the same prominence to my communication as he gave to the somewhat vulgar paragraph. But then, I am a teetotaler; and a teetotaler has no claim to courtesy. When a teetotaler comes on the scene the brave motto of JOHN BULL flies into the air as if it had been shelled.

To this letter the Editor replied:

> I have your letter of the 8th inst.—which, forgive me for saying, is not a very worthy example of Christian spirit. If we have libelled you, you have your remedy.

Being desirous, however, to check the rev. gentleman's statement that "Canada had exacted a promise from the War Office that in future a rum ration shall not be served in ordinary course to the soldiers of the Dominion," we wrote to the Secretary of the War Office as follows:

> It has been reported to me that Canada has officially exacted a promise from the War Office that in future no rum rations shall be served in the ordinary course to soldiers of the Dominion. Would you mind telling me whether this is so?

And here is the official reply:

> In reply to your letter of January 20th, as far as I can learn, *we have given no promise to the Canadian authorities to serve no rum rations to soldiers of the Dominion.*

Come, reverend friend, who told you that lie about the soldiers shooting each other—all on account of a tot of rum? We challenge you to produce your evidence. How dare you insult our brave lads at the Front in this despicable manner?

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Try the delicious beverage of our French Allies—Milkmaid Café au Lait; it is far nicer and costs far less than ordinary coffee. Made in a moment—no milk or sugar needed. A real war-time economy.

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In the event of the Government redeeming the War Loan before the maturity of the Policy, the amount of Cash or Stock received from the Government will be handed over at the maturity of the Policy.

Should the Subscriber discontinue the payments at any time, the Company will grant a paid-up policy for such a proportionate amount as the number of annual payments made bear to the total number payable under the policy.

The above offer has great advantages, *since it enables anyone to secure War Loan Stock*, spreading the payment over five, ten or fifteen years, and it provides *also* that in the event of the Death of the Subscriber, *there is no further liability whatever*, and the whole of the Stock purchased becomes the absolute property of the Subscriber's representatives. These facilities should specially appeal to all who, in addition to wishing to support the Loan for the Country, desire

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(2.) To provide for the Educational Expenses of their Children.

(3.) To provide a sum of money as a Marriage Gift for young daughters.

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 22.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. WALTER LONG.

Mornin', sir. . . . *A close trim?* Very good, sir. On'y too 'appy to 'ave the charnce to attend to you, sir. . . . *Do I know 'oo you are?* Well, I should smile, sir. Do I know the way to the bar parlour round the corner? Not 'arf, I don't! Well, I knows yore face as well as *thet*, sir, an' thet's sayin' somethink. W'y, I remember you w'en you intrerjuiced the 'Muzzlin' Order,' yers an' yers ago, sir. I 'ad a dorg in them days—but thet's another story, as Kiplin' ses. I don't suppose it's news to you, sir, but there's still one ole lady wot's very crorss with you, sir, but it ain't on account o' dorgs this time. . . . *'Oo is she?* W'y, wot I calls the Ole Lady of Bouverie Street—the *Daily News an' Leader*. She got 'er rag out about chew the other day, sir. It was on account o' thet speech you made at the Westminster War Loan meetin', w'en you sed we wasn't never goin' to give 'er colonies back to Germany. *You never read it?* Well, I don't blame yer. 'Things is 'orrible enough as it is without arskin' to be depressed further unnecessary. But I reads it every day becos I don't 'ave time to go to the pieshers. . . . *Wot did the "Daily News"* say? W'y, she sed nuthink could do the Allies' cause worso service than that chew should 'ave took advantage of a casual War Loan meetin' to tell the Germans they wouldn't never 'ave their colonies back no more. She's crorss with you, sir, the *Daily News* is. I suppose she thinks you shouldn't 'ave 'urt the pore 'Uns' feelin's. It don't matter to 'er 'ow many splendid soljers we've lorst, an' 'ow much money we 'ave spent, clearin' the German swine out of Africa, an' cetra. She don't stop to arsk 'erself wot we've bin a-doin' of it for. Shorely it must be as plain as the nose on 'er face thet we wouldn't 'ave made them sacrifices fur nuthink? W'y, apart from our right to 'old wot we've fought for an' won, we've got too much consideration fur the African natives to 'and them back again to the bloodthirsty crew wot made their lives a livin' 'ell. An you was quite right to put it plain, an' wot the *Daily News* 'as to complain about I fail to see. I s'pose, sir, bein' Colonial Secretary, you wouldn't 'ave made thet statement without authority? . . . . . Good, sir! I'm very pleased to hear it. I take it, then, thet the Allies 'as agreed thet nuthink shell be 'anded back to the 'Uns? . . . Jest so. Thet's good news. No colonies—shoved outer Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, an', p'raps, Schleswig-Holstein, —with the 'ole of the civilised world at 'em like poison becos they've proved themselves a race of murderers—the Germans' lot in yers to come won't be a altogether 'appy one, will it, sir? . . . Well, they arsked fur it an' they're goin' to get it—in the neck, an' w'ether the *Daily News* likes it or not. . . . Thank you, sir; I'm very much obliged, I'm shore. Goo' day, sir, thank you. . . .

THE HYPOCRITES.

AN UTTER FARCE.

Featuring the KAISER WILHELM *and* BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

THE KAISER:
Bethmann, it is plain to see
That with us it is all U-P;
Of all my plans, bar the first dash,
The curst Allies have made a hash;
My march on Paris, thanks to Kluck,
Turned out to be an utter suck;
Verdun, again—thanks to mine heir—
Has proved no better than a snare;
Our race for Calais, which seemed won,
We might as well had ne'er begun;
Our most terrific blows at Russia
Have not so far availed to crush her;
Our scramble for Rumanian oil
And corn has not proved worth the toil;
My Zeppelins too easily wilt,
And might as well had not been built;
My High Seas Fleet, laid up at Kiel,
I scarcely can conceive is real!
The German flag no longer flies
And flutters under tropic skies;
And all my isles in Southern seas
I am bereft of, if you please!
How gladly would I welcome peace,
Whereby my people's woes might cease.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG:
All-Highest, do not weakness show;
You proffered peace before, you know,
But 'twould be foolish to deny
The terms were made a trifle high—
That is, the terms the German press
Published in detail, more or less.
Sire, fruitless lamentation cease
And—do you *really* wish for peace?

THE KAISER:
Why, yes, of course, peace would be nice;
Yes, peace, indeed, at *any* price!

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG:
At *any* price?

THE KAISER:
Yet not submit
To the Allies. Now, where's your wit?
Peace with full honour, though with loss—
For nothing else I care a toss.
Find me some way to sheathe the sword,
And you may name your own reward!

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG:
I have it, sire! We must devise
Some means to strengthen the Allies.

THE KAISER:
What mean you, "Strengthen the Allies"?
Would you assist my enemies?

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG:
Be not impatient, sire. Suppose
The neutrals all were changed to foes;
Could you not then with truth declare
The odds against you were not fair,
And that you were prepared to make
Peace for your suffering people's sake?

THE KAISER:
I think I see your point. You mean ——?

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG:
The ruthless use of the submarine!

Become a
Good Pianist
without constant 'Practising'

No more weary grinding at "Scales" and "Exercises."

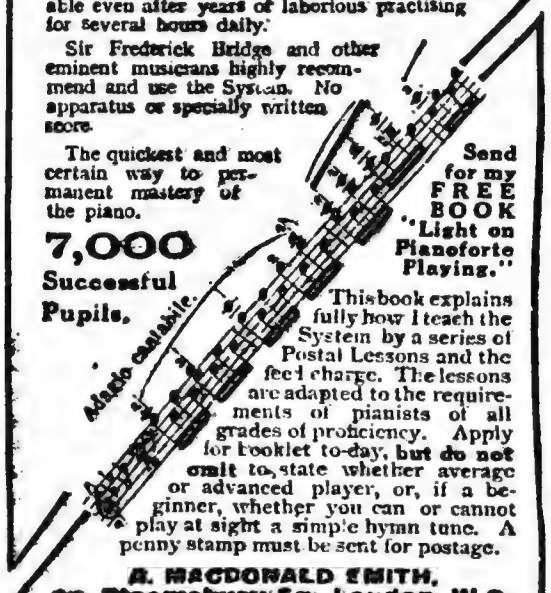
My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

7,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for my FREE BOOK "Light on Pianoforte Playing."



This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit** to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. A penny stamp must be sent for postage.

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'From Brain to Keyboard'
MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

YOU simply apply Zam-Buk to a cut or sore on a piece of bandage and then wrap up. Then you can be sure that the wound will get better quickly, naturally, and with the least amount of personal discomfort and inconvenience. Zam-Buk makes a wound secure from harmful infection and then hastens the natural growth of new skin.

Zam-Buk

1/3 & 3/-, at *Chemists, Drug Stores, &c.*

"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet

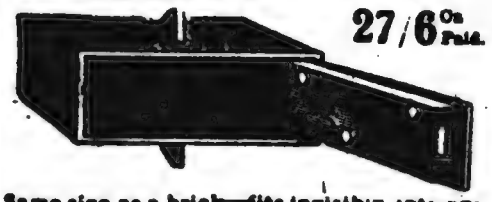
TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet, burnin' corns, and chilblains.

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin, and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

A box of TIZ is always welcome at the Front. Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

YOU NEED THIS SECRET SAFE

27/6 Carr. Paid.



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WOOS AND WINS

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

We had all made up our minds that when Charlie Hardcastle, the square-cut, brick-wall type of Yorkshireman, met Seaman Hayes there would be something truly British and immensely rugged about the affair. If ever there were two natural fighters, as distinct from boxers, surely these two men are, but in a way which I find it impossible to explain. If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes Hardcastle it is his right hand; when I have seen it before it was very much a hammer, calculated to hurt terribly hard every time it was brought into play. What happened was this: Hardcastle did not use it at all; for all the good it was it might just as well have been tied to his side. He pounced about the ring and was, remembering his previous shows, almost finnicky. We had the spectacle of a natural hitter and fighter kind of flicking flies. Hardcastle posed as a boxer pure and simple, and the pose did not suit him one little bit. Hayes, in the matter of age an old man compared with Hardcastle, did not concern himself with polish—but even he did not fight as well as I have seen him. In short, the contest was an extremely disappointing one. The news of the victory of Hayes must have come as a pleasant surprise to the boys on the high seas. I congratulate Hayes on his success, but I am bound to say that he was fortunate in meeting Hardcastle in a humour foreign to the pugilistic make-up of the hardy Yorkshireman.

Recently I wrote that I have no sympathy for the boxer, be he fit, who is not with the Colours. I ventured to say that champions like Freddie Welsh, Llew Edwards and Kid Lewis cut rather a sorry figure, and will probably have a very uncomfortable time when they seek to renew acquaintance with good sportsmen in this country. Among the many letters which have come to me is one from Thomas Parker, of Dewsbury, who asks me to explain the reason why Jimmie Wilde is not in khaki. Such an explanation is not necessary, for the reason that the great little Welshman has very wisely withdrawn his appeal and become a soldier. Parker, in peace times, watches the interests of several young boxers, and these young men, well known in the North Country are, I am pleased to say, all in the Army. Mr. Parker, JOHN BULL and I congratulate you. It is good to know that you prefer to have your little boxing stables empty to having any youngster shirking.

I was delighted to see my friend Victor Breyer, Editor and proprietor of the *Echo de Sports*, Paris, the wearer of our Military Medal and the *Croix de Guerre* of France, at the National Sporting Club. Breyer has been in the very thick of the fighting, and is now on his first real holiday since the war. It is his wish that I should say that Carpentier thanks JOHN BULL for the kindly interest taken in him, and that Londoners will see him in the ring before the Americans—this notwithstanding the big money offered for a trip to the States. Carpentier may be here sooner than expected. At the moment I cannot say more.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

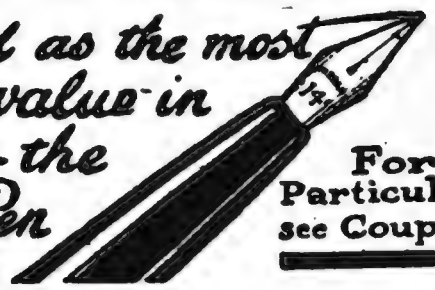
"DEAR MISTER BOLLOMTER,—Are you a marrid man? if so would you kindley tell me weather i ort too sleep on the rite or left side of the bed, my wife says that its the left but i prefer the rite but if the left is the propper side i shall succeed to her rekwest. As my frends will no dout larf at me for being so ingorant I have admitted my adress and signed miself that which i am not.—Yors trewly, 'WANTINTONO.'

"P.S. i have inclosed a stamp for a repli."

"The German raiders are no more German than I am. It's two traitors who are captains that have taken two British ships into the Atlantic and have handed them over to Germans who have come out from New York in little boats. They never got through our blockade, and I'm ready to bet on it. It was two traitors who sold their ships."

"Beware of False Prophets! Beware of False Prophets! Beware of False Prophets! If a Daniel come to judgment he will not be a judge in JOHN BULL office or Northcliff press or any other newspaper. A prophet is sacred and holy and not a Bottolmey nor Northcliff nor the editor of the *Times*. They are all false Prophets in which there is no salvation."

Recognised as the most wonderful value in the World—the John Bull Pen



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(Feb. 10, 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

THE PROBLEM OF LOST NERVE POWER.

PARTICULARS OF A WONDERFUL PRODUCT, WHICH IS TAKING THE PLACE OF ORDINARY NERVE TONICS, MEDICINES, AND STIMULANTS.

Of Vital Interest to Every Nerve Sufferer.

FREE PUBLIC DISTRIBUTION OF LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLIES.

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of War, Anxiety or Overwork, then comes the problem of "Lost Nerve Power," and when the sure signs of Nerves Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is not only futile, but is often very harmful, for in this condition the Nervous System requires Nourishment and Strength, not Stimulation. A little reflection will convince the reader of the logic and common sense of this statement.

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation or semi-starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking such false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration, which in due course passes away, leaving him worse than before. The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

"SIXPENCE" GIVES YOU A SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL.

The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves, and if you recognise yourself as being in this serious condition you cannot do better than take a course of the Dr. Muller Nutrient:

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc.

The Muller Nutrient, it may be mentioned, is not a secret remedy (the formula is at the disposal of any recognised medical practitioner); it is not a patent medicine, and it is not "a cure-all," but is a highly concentrated Tonic Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon.

It has marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion and in convalescence after serious illness. The Muller Nutrient is essentially a Food—a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant. Prepared by Dr. Muller's own process, it feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

This remarkable Preparation is assimilated in ONE HOUR, and quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING.

By rebuilding and revitalising the Brain and the Nerve Centres in the ONLY NATURAL WAY, the Muller Nutrient is not only a most powerful antidote against Nerve Fatigue, but is also the one certain and NATURAL remedy for nervous affections of every kind.

Active brainworkers, who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for Continued Work, Brain Fag, and Cloudy Thinking will find that this preparation will dispel such symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Muller Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment. Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps. You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the box of the Muller Nerve-Nutrient will be sent you. It will enable you to commence to rebuild your nervous trouble and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With this week's trial course of the Muller Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 551, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom

NOTICE!
A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership.

The Dr Muller Nutrient
A True Nerve Restorative free of Baneful Drugs

Price from 2/6 a Box of all good Chemists. Superior to All Nerve Foods in "Powder" Form.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 28.

The LAST WORD IN HOME ENTERTAINMENT

THESE days everyone who is anyone has a gramophone. Recent perfections have gained this wonder-instrument the highest esteem. It is then, the interest of an enormous public that will focus on the newly-published

February ZONOPHONE RECORDS

MERIT—sheer merit, has secured for Zonos the proud distinction they enjoy to-day. Dealers know them as the 'Quality' records—'the records the public *will* have'!

THE delightful new issue for February worthily upholds this much-envied Zonophone reputation. It represents the last word in home entertainment. A moment's reflection — when you have studied the list and heard a few of the records—and you will at once realize the big Zonophone features to be:

CELEBRATED ARTISTS

among whom, this month, are:

Peter Dawson, Sydney Coltham, Harold Wilde, Ernest Pike, Elsie Southgate, Mary Law, George Formby, Florrie Forde, Harold Montague, Royal Cremona Orchestra, Black Diamonds Band

VARIETY & TOPICALITY OF TITLES

embracing Grand Opera, Oratorio, the newest Ballads, the sentimental and 'popular' song-hits of the hour, and fun galore.

UNEQUALLED RECORDING

It says something for the popularity of Zonos that there's hardly a main street in the kingdom which has not its Zonophone dealer! Go to your local man *to-day* and ask to hear some of the superb February records. You'll be amazed at their excellence. Never before has home-entertainment been catered for in such first-class style.

TEN-INCH **1/6** DOUBLE-SIDED

Twelve-inch 2/6

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or by first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

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Price, a pair, **69/6**

SELFRIDGE'S

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ANTIKAMNIA ELIMINATES PAIN.

FREE TRIAL TO-DAY.

Are you in pain? This is a question you will hear daily, and to be able to relieve pain—whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism—brings the height of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, a well-known doctor (M.D.) says: Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession, they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once. To stop pain quickly the dose is one tablet, repeat 10 minutes later if necessary.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, gout, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe, and leave no unpleasant after effects. In 92 per cent. of all cases they stop the pain immediately.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send you name and address (a postcard will do) to the Antikamnia Tablet Dept. (A.28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet absolutely free of charge.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes **26 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE**, or **22** ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is **No waste. Any** tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 500, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting

VITA CO. (Dept. J.), 30, Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

The Question of Leave.

There may be some reason for cutting out week-end leave, but we would suggest to the Army Council that there is not for refusing a short furlough to every Tommy who is under orders for the Front. We receive shoals of complaints from men who are not allowed home even for a few hours to bid good-bye to their wives and relatives. They are thus dispatched to the fray with heavy hearts.

Mem. to the General.

We should like the General Officer Commanding to pay a visit to Bovington Camp, near Salisbury. We have already commented upon the treatment meted out there to the Canadians. The chaps in khaki, grand fellows that they are, are willing to march around the North Pole, if necessary, in cotton kit and smilingly say, "It is war." When at the camp, the General might inspect a unit which is commanded by a dug-up martinet infantry officer, who clothes himself in "pukka" equipment to resist the weather, and insists upon his officers parading in British "warms" and puttees—the clothing best calculated to hold rain and give rheumatism and kindred diseases; whereas if they wore the uniform countenanced by the War Office they would remain healthy. We may say that we refer to a Corps which has generally to do with machine guns, and we put it to the War Office that the Colonel in question should be removed from his command in favour of somebody who knows machine gun work and would treat young officers properly. Unfortunately, a good man was removed to make room for this "dud."

Hard-Hit Highlanders.

The invalids of the 2/7 Gordon Highlanders, at Norwich, could do with better treatment. Some of them, recovering from wounds, did no parades for about six months. Now they are compelled to go through a course of recruit's drill, for which they are thoroughly unfitted. C2 and C3 men should not be knocked about in this way—their course of training ought to be of a modified character. We hope the Commanding Officer will take the hint.

Where they Live Well.

It is our duty to lay bare the grievances of our soldiers, but we always have pleasure in mentioning the bright spots in the Service. We would advise Commanding Officers in general to pay a visit to No. 2 Depot, R.G.A., at Gosport, and inspect the men's messing arrangements there. The quantity, quality, and cooking of the food are excellent, and things could not be done better if the place was run by a brigade of restaurant chefs.

"Only a Soldier."

Has an iniquiry been held yet at Rugeley Camp, Staffordshire, concerning the death of Private Pledger? The man returned ill from furlough, suffering from severe bronchitis. He was left all night in the corner of a hut and became delirious. The next day his illness was notified, and there appears to have been the usual shilly-shallying among the officers—N.C.O.s and commissioned. The poor fellow was finally taken off on a stretcher, but notwithstanding all the belated bustling of nurses, orderlies, and doctors, he died as a result of heart failure and bronchitis. If an inquiry has been held, we should like a précis of the evidence.

High-Handed and Illegal.

The other day a company of Guards, with a band, were marching past Victoria Station. A Canadian soldier left the Y.M.C.A. hut to see them, and in accordance with Dominion military regulations stood at attention. The Sergeant-Major of the Guards fell out, ordered him to march behind, and afterwards handed him to the police. The Red-caps took his name and number with a view to his being punished for having failed to salute the Guards as they marched past. They had not their Colours with them, by the way, and we would like to know by what regulation, in the circumstances, the bellicose Sergeant-Major thought his unit was specially entitled to a kow-tow.

The "Crock Brigade."

At Eltham, Kent, there is a unit which is known as the "Crock Brigade." The men suffer from various ailments and are unfit for further military service; but, for some occult reason, they have been retained in the Army for months, doing no duties. The other day they were specially paraded for inspection with a view to discharge, but having been kept standing from 8 a.m. till 12.30 p.m. they were dismissed as the "big-wig" did not turn up to time. We referred to this squad some weeks ago, and we are sorry to say that they are not now allowed to walk through the main street to reach the mess room, but are compelled to go round by back roads, which trebles the distance. We pity the poor cripples, and hope that the next time a War Office official is told off to inspect them, he will keep his appointment.

The Same Old Game.

We are told that after the Serbian show in 1915, that Government gave 400 decorations to be distributed among the British troops—of which about 40 went to the men who served there, and 360 to the staff people and others in Egypt and Malta! We are not surprised to hear that the Serbian authorities are very much annoyed.

A Forgotten Unit.

We would direct the attention of the Admiralty to the officers and men of the Downs boarding flotilla, who do tremendous hard work and have performed many meritorious services. Up to date, they have been given no mention or award, a slight which they feel keenly. They are hurt that Whitehall is too busy to regard their claims. We are glad, however, to know that our appeals on behalf of the salvors of the Swedish steamer *Sigrun I.* has been successful—£2,000 being the award which has been divided amongst them.

Jack Ashore.

The sailor is a man who does not usually grouse about the weather—even when it is at its worst. At the same time, he naturally likes comfort when he can get it. The Bluejackets at Haslar are still under canvas, and their experiences recently have not been of the pleasantest character. If they are to remain in tents, steps should be taken to keep them dry. There are other grievances in the camp, which we hope the Commanding Officer will look into.

Fleecing the Sailor.

The small-craft men of Lowestoft complain that they have been given no rise in their pay since the war began, although the prices of necessaries have soared so high. They do not mind this so much as the extra 50 per cent. tax on the railway fares. Those who have families to keep are particularly hard hit; and we would welcome an Admiralty Order that any man of the class proceeding on leave shall be provided with a travelling warrant, entitling him to a return journey at single fare.

An Appeal from the Ægean.

The trawler men in the neighbourhood of the Ægean Sea ask us why many of the boats which have been out since March, 1915, have been kept on duty, while others which were dispatched from England a year later have been sent back. Give it up!

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

C. W. (Clapham).—The amputation being below the knee, the pension is 10s. 6d. a week.

MRS. A. W. E. (Monkstown).—Having lived out of the London area for seven months, the special allowance cannot be restored.

ALF. T. (Earl's Court).—Thanks for your letter. I do not boom myself, nor do I ask anybody to boom me. Candidly, I never had in a week 100 genuine applications for assistance in obtaining pensions. My average is 34.

J. N. W., AND SEVERAL OTHERS.—The rate of weekly pension allowed for a man who has had his arm off from the shoulder joint is 16s. for the right and 15s. for the left. Amputations above or through the elbow carry pensions of 14s. right and 13s. left.

MRS. B. (Wimbledon).—I sent the case forward, and am glad to know that the matter has been settled, doubtless to your satisfaction.

MRS. P. S. (Yarmouth).—You should see the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee at the Town Hall, and obtain from him Form P.I., claiming for a supplementary pension.

MRS. G. (Saltash).—As you lived out of the London area for five months, and have not paid rent during your absence, I am sorry to say you cannot have the special allowance restored.

A. E. N. (Dublin).—I regret that, as you did not receive separation allowance on behalf of your son, you are not entitled to a pension.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following

Rfm. T. Blaky, N/13754, C Coy, Rifle Brigade; Pte. M. Croton, 14559, A Coy., Dorset Regt.; Pte. C. W. Raif, 26888, B Coy., Bedfordshire Regt.; L./Cpl. D. Marshall, 5652, C Coy., H.C. Batt., Royal Warwicks; Pte. H. G. Kenrick, 1683, A.I.F.; Pte. J. Atkinson, 2861, Machine Gun Section, Durham Light Infantry; Pte. H. W. Evans, 18111, B Coy., Essex Regt.; L./Cpl. H. Ballam, 10930, Somerset Light Infantry; Pte. J. Scarrold, 20617, B Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. H. Heaton, 34096, D Coy., Manchester Regt.; Pte. C. Foskett, 22099, C Coy., Dorset Regt.; Pte. J. Robinson, 6214, London Regt.; L./Cpl. D. G. Rodgers, 8442, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. J. W. Harwood, 34915, B Coy., K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. A. Radcliffe, 35375, A Coy., Cheshire Regt.; Pte. S. Moran, 6225, King's Liverpool Regt.; L./Cpl. J. R. Chadwick, 3851, C Coy., London Regt.; Pte. R. Roney, 37643, Lancashire Fusiliers; L./Cpl. A. E. Plummer, 10498, D Coy., Essex Regt.; Pte. T. D. Dixon, 24979, Royal Fusiliers, att. Q.R.W.S.

BODY VERMIN
THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made vermin-free and vermin-proof in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and loathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says:—"Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."

Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by **Sole Makers,**

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It clears out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists, and other chemist' shops.—ADVT.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier was discharged, after six months' service, without a pension. Before he joined the Colours he had a good salary and a comfortable home. He returned without a penny piece, and is unable to follow his former employment. He came to us in his distress, and we were glad to help him.

Fully a dozen mothers of young fellows who went down in our recent Naval battles appealed to us in their distress. They depend upon receiving a small grant from the Government for the loss of the boys who were their supporters. In each case we rendered assistance.

From Bruce House and the Rowton Houses came also men who were invalided from the Army, but are now sufficiently recovered to serve again. Although they are well fitted to take up employment or re-engage in the Army, they were unable to show that they have endeavoured to help themselves — and we certainly cannot help them. Our Fund is not intended to assist the professional beggar.

A poor old shoemaker, 60 years of age, is suffering from cataract. He has given four sons to the Army, and is in receipt of 6s. 6d. a week. He cannot work any more, and as a last resource, before laying down tools, he wrote to us. We were glad to act as our subscribers would wish.

Soldiers' wives with delicate children called upon us through the week in their trouble. They had been offered sanatorium treatment for their youngsters, in distant parts, and had not the money to pay the fares and provide necessaries. We helped in each case.

A widow, 60 years of age, wrote to us in her hour of trial. She has lost her son in the war, and is not in receipt of any money, as she had no separation allowance. While in health she earned 12s. a week, but is now in bed ill and has no one to aid her. She found a friend in us.

When the war began, the fine fellows of the Old Army proved themselves heroes. One of them fought at Mons and afterwards was twice wounded and once gassed. He was sent home on a weekly pension that would be about sufficient to keep a healthy dog. He is out in the cold, so far as friends are concerned, and is living on the recollection of the splendid deeds he has done—a recollection that does not, however, fill the stomach. In his starving condition he came to us, and we sent him away with something more substantial.

Once again we appeal to our soldiers. Every citizen, newly put into khaki, must have the elementary knowledge that if he commits a "crime"—even slight breaches of discipline are so styled in the Army—he is liable to punishment—which means that the allowance which is made to his wife and children will be cut off. Week by week we receive pitiful letters from soldiers and their wives, appealing to us to "keep the home fires burning," because they are in danger of going out through the soldier's offence. We do our best; but in future we are afraid we shall not be able to assist in such cases, in view of the heavy demands upon the very limited resources of our Fund.

We must warn those unscrupulous persons who endeavour to filch money from our Fund on the pretext of possessing dead husbands, wives or relatives that we invariably insist upon solid evidence—such as a death certificate or undertaker's account, failing which we pay a personal visit. We regret to say that within the past six weeks such investigation in four cases resulted in the discovery that the applicant was unknown at the address given, and that nobody had recently died there. Our Fund is a sacred trust and, determined as we are to protect it, we are driven to the conclusion that we must make public examples of some of those who seek to impose on it

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

W. E. (Hove), 14s.; N. B. (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; H. E. P. (Wigan), 5s.; A. M. (Faversham), 2s. 6d.; "A Scot," 2s. 6d.; J. T. D. (Banbury), £10; S. C., 2s. 10d.; H. G. R., 5s.; W. H. (Dover), 1s.; J. McI., 2s. 6d.; B. D. (Cromarty), 3s. 4d.; "Proceeds of Bet" (per A. G.), 7s. 6d., M. M., 1s.; "Constant Reader" (Bletchley), 3s.; "Cam," 2s. 6d.; W. H. (Clapham), 1s.; "Brummagem" (Rhodesia), 10s.; "My Fine," 1s. 6d.; "Cymro," 5s.; "82," 2s. 6d.; M. A. R. (Westminster), 2s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1 7s.; M. O. H. (Northumberland), 10s.; W. (Orkney), 5s.; G. M. (Umtali), 10s.; "Ivy May," 3s.; F. L. A. G., £3; "Donald," 2s.; "34185's Girl, 1s.; "Contribution by the Deck and Stewards' Dept., and 'Log' of H.M.T. *Borda*, A.30, per G. E. O. S.," £16; E. E., 1s. 1d.; Miss F. M., 1s.; Mrs. W. E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Auntie," 2s.; "One Tenth," 1s. 6d.; H. L. S., £1; J. G. B., 1s.; C. F., 1s.; "Searchlight," 8s.; "Kat's Eyes," 1s.; A. E. M., 2s. 6d.; M. E. (Boro'), 10s.; Mrs. T. (Birmingham), 1s. 6d.; A. C. M. (Leeds), 1s.; Mrs. A. C., 1s.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; W. K., 1s. 2d.; Mrs. S., 1s.; H. J., 1s.; K. P., 2s.; "Ethel," 2s. 6d.; M. E. R., 1s.; "Appreciator," 1s.; H. R. C., 5s.; E. W., 1s.; "Kamo," 10s.; "Enquirer" (Greenwich), 1s.; H. F. (Columbus), £1; A. M., 1s.; Pte. G., 6d.; "Highland Lass," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; J. E. M., 1s.; A. E. S. (Lancaster), 2s. 6d.; "Horace and Ada," 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Target Prize," 1s.; E. S. G. D., 2s.; Mrs. L. F. (New York), £1; Miss P., 6d.; D. F. (Fearnan), 2s. 6d.; F. L. B., 1s.; Mrs. C. D., 6d.; G. D., 6d.; "Taxi Driver," 13s.; J. S., 6d.; J. T. W. (Manchester), 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. H. G. Andrews, "Australian Arms," 18, Lr. Chapman Street, Commercial Road, £1 1s.; Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, N., 4s. 8½d.; Mr. A. Hopkins, "Devonshire Arms," Avonmouth Street, Newington Causeway, 2s. 11d.; Sister Ekins, Brook War Hospital, Shooters Hill Road, Woolwich, 3s. 9d.

BRISTOL.—Mr. M. Ross, "Railway Hotel," Stapleton Road, 3s. 7½d.

CARDIFF.—Mr. A. Vernon Esnouf, Cardiff Motor School, 10, St. John's Crescent, Canton, 6s.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. F. W. Delderfield, "Stanley Hotel," Prescot Road, 3s.; Mr. McTaggart, "Tam o' Shanter Hotel," London Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Tuohy, "Horse Shoe Hotel," Duncan Street, 3s. 1d.; Mrs. E. Taylor, "Park Palace Hotel," Mill Street, 6s. 6d.; Mr. G. Mackenzie, "Channel Fleet Hotel," 285, Grafton Street, 6s. 6d.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. J. McNeil, "Castle Hotel," Oldham Street, 5s. 9½d.; Mr. Stanley Barker, "Cricketers' Hotel," Bury New Road, 2s. 9½d.; Mrs. Blayney, Apsley House, Chester Road, Stretford, 3s.

Quick Recovery

A well-known doctor has drawn attention to one valuable feature of Hall's Wine. He says: "I often order Hall's Wine for my patients, as I find they quickly recover with it."

This is important in cases of Influenza, as Hall's Wine not only wards off attack—it ensures quick recovery from its weakening after-effects as well.

Hall's Wine is the surest and safest restorative in winter ailments—bronchitis, coughs, etc.

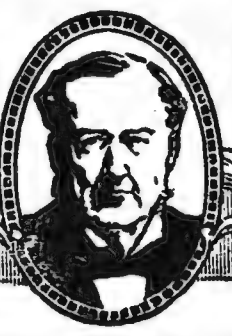
Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

A Doctor says: "Hall's Wine never fails." Another writes: "After the depressing effects of Influenza the restorative properties of Hall's Wine are nothing short of marvellous.

Our Guarantee

Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.



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Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London.

666

Why not Pancakes for Dinner to-day?

They're really much more delicious than most puddings and they cost very little when made with

5 RICH PANCAKES FOR 1d.

Laitova Pancake Powder

No eggs are needed because the powder contains the necessary eggs dried by our own process. It is only necessary to mix the contents of the packet with a little flour and milk and you can make the most delicious pancakes. Little trouble—little time—little cost. Get a 3d. packet from your grocer to-day and dinner will be most enjoyable. Laitova Pancake Powder is just as good for Yorkshire puddings.

In 3d. packets

Of Grocers and Stores everywhere.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., CORNBROOK, MANCHESTER.

Pa2

The 5 Bars

Remind you of the 5 chief points of WRIGLEY'S

1.
It is the most delicious of all Sweetmeats.

2.
It stimulates and refreshes the wearied system.

3.
It is a grand thing for the teeth and the digestion.

4.
It cleanses the palate and adds to the joy of smoking and

5.
It has become indispensable to the modern Soldiers and Sailors.

If you have a friend at the Front you can do him a good turn by sending him a regular supply of Wrigley's Chewing Gum.

½d. bar; 5 bars 2½d.; 40 bars 1/6.

Of all Confectioners, Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Stores), Tobacconists, Canteens, Y.M.C.A. Huts, etc.

WRIGLEY'S Ltd., Lambeth Palace Rd., S.E.

"John Bull's" advertisement columns will be found on page 22.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

Make up for lack of exercise in winter by taking a teaspoonful every morning of

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.
From Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches in **6d. and 1s. tins.**
SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.
Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the Front.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from **£3 15s.** The 6ft. 4in. size at **£5 15s.** cash or 15 monthly payments of **8s. 6d.** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from **£13 10s.** cash or in 13 or 13 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
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INDIGESTION CURED

No sufferer from Indigestion or Constipation need suffer any longer if he will send for and study my text book.
My system includes advice on diet, exercises, baths, the need of fresh air, &c. My text book, together with a sample of the Dr. Young Tablets, will be sent on receipt of 6d.—which is returnable to the sender if he returns the booklet within three days. Dr. Young Co., (Dept. J.B. 5), Sun Buildings, Leeds.

DR. YOUNG EXERCISE MEDICINAL SYSTEM

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents].

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. *Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., *and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.*

B. A. (Polegate).—"If the war had been left to Russia and Japan, do we think it would cost six millions a day?" Don't know; it certainly wouldn't if it had been left to us.

"AN OLD JOHN BULLITE" (Tunbridge Wells).—So you have "tried in vain to buy sugar." We seem to have heard similar complaints before; but perhaps it is merely fancy.

A. S. (Sunderland).—You are right. If we had all been Conscientious Objectors, the British Empire would have been Germhun by now.

H. G. (Yeovil).—"Why is this war called Armageddon? For the Bible says that in Armageddon the Devil and his children will be making war." Well, aren't they doing it?

"FRIEND" (Pontypool).—Grocers everywhere insist on customers buying other goods before they supply sugar, but to make you spend 10s. to 15s. for 1lb. of Dem. is a dem. imposition.

H. M. E.—The Government did not "place" the factory where the explosion would "shake all London." The building was already there, and necessity compelled its use for munition purposes.

P. F. T.—We note your "guess" that Peace will be declared on Aug. 4th next. It *would* be a coincidence, wouldn't it?

E. A. S. (Fulham).—"Put the son of Tirpitz aboard one of our ships; perhaps the submarines would stay their hands for his sake." Plan might work if we could have him on every ship; only we can't, don't you see? And they might take him off the vessel before torpedoing it.

"ANOTHER READER" (Birmingham).—Telling us we show "much ignorance of business," you write that a grocer "cannot possibly make eight 2oz. portions out of 1lb." Go to Bath. Some of the artful ones make nine.

MRS. C. D. (Colinton).—We have never heard of a masonic lodge for ladies. We have heard it said that Freemasonry is so called because it is free from female membership.

J. D. (Cheltenham).—Tut, tut! The Kaiser *always* makes a fuss about his birthday.

"JUSTICE" (Cardiff) feels that "one of the terms of peace should be the disarmament of Heligoland." *We* feel that one of the terms of peace ought to be its annexation.

E. A. (Rochester).—Most of the ships sunk by Germhun submarines *are* "steel clad." Torpedoes have a tremendous penetrating power.

C. H. (Barnes).—"Previously killed, now serving with unit," and "previously killed, now repatriated from Germany," seem to be the official way of correcting the casualty lists.

S. M. (London), apropos of the recent explosion, has heard that "though the men's hospital is a long way from the munition works the women's hospital is in the danger zone." Is it suggested that the women's hospital was put there on purpose, or is left there carelessly?

"WATCHFUL" (Earl's Court).—Rumour is oft a lying jade. It was all over the place the other day that "the Austrians had surrendered to the Russians."

"YORS" (Leeds).—Nothing does seem the same since the war, and probably nothing ever will.

"TEMPERANCE" (Hoxton).—It seems likely the teetotalers, the brewers, the distillers, and the publicans between them will make us all teetotalers soon.

"SUBSCRIBER" (Preston).—In a short while, apparently, we may be on food rations. In that case it will be share and share alike with sugar, as with everything else.

"A LANDLADY" (Hayston Bridge).—Are we to gather from you that landladies who billet soldiers are really living on their losses?

A. M. H. (H.M.S. ——) is angry with the Government worrying the poor working man about his beer. "Why," says he, "don't they get on with the war?" Perhaps they will when there is a break in the weather.

"BILL ADAMS" (Waterloo).—"When I was at school the nice little Methodists whose fathers were Liberals would never fight; they cheated at marbles and told lies instead." What was *your* special occupation?

"REBEL" (Killarney).—Your *nom-de-plume* is misleading. You were wounded in the execution of public duty, and have a strong claim to compensation.

"TWO LYNNITES" (King's Lynn).—So you think the Kaiser's name on our opening page is "an insult to the Devil." But it's only till the end of the war, when the Devil will come into his own again—so to speak.

"NEMO" (Aberdeen).—With the Huns at bay we can't stop to flick off fleas, but we will mop the floor with the pumpuritan faction when the boys get home.

A. J. M. (West Hartlepool).—"To H—— with the Party politicians!" But that is ambiguous; you might mean Heaven—or Hartlepool.

H. B. (Argyllshire).—It is pride in a noble calling that compensates the "poor downtrodden journalist" for the poverty of his material gains. Thanks, however, for your lavish sympathy.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE" (Eastbourne).—Can quite appreciate that your son, "though almost a teetotaler," admits a tot of rum would have been grateful and comforting to him in the mud and water of the trenches on Christmas Day.

J. M. L. (Alberta, Canada).—"I wrote you some time ago, urging you to procure the retirement of Asquith and Grey, the employment of Carson, and the appointment of Balfour to the Foreign Office." All of which has been carefully attended to, and we solicit the favour of your further esteemed commands.

"A NEW READER."—"Shall look for an answer next week." Bet you swore when you didn't find it.

J. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You should refer the matter of the reduction of your wages to the local Munitions Tribunal, or, failing that, your Trade Union.

Mrs. J. R. (Aldershot).—Our compliments to your little girl, and tell her that our dog is *guarding* the flag, which he couldn't do comfortably if it was at the top of a pole. God bless her, and your boy at the Front.

L. A. B. (Deptford).—Your grumble to hand. Feel better?

J. B. (Liverpool).—Thanks for the "Apostrophe to the Kaiser," all the way from the Argentine. Good stuff in the main, mixed with a little nonsense—with an apostrophe "d."

W. H. (Reigate).—Sorry you have been "had" by Robey of Coventry, whose trading methods we have repeatedly exposed. See what comes of not reading J. B.

C. E. K. (Herne Bay).—We note that you advocate the kissing of police-women, but we shan't try it unless we're pushed.

J. J. (Harrogate).—"Shall I send 5s. 11d. for a chain?" Not unless you are a fool.

J. P. (Southampton).—Though gifted with more than ordinary perspicacity, we are unable to solve your numismatical problem. Try the coin on a 'bus conductor.

H. D. (Northport).—As you say, "a propitious moment" to write to us, and an excellent use you have made of your JOHN BULL Pen.

M. E. G. (Norwich).—"Under this cloak he still wears the smile of self-satisfaction." Evidently he smiles lower down than most of us.

"BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE" (South Shields).—But what do you mean by saying your husband is "only a supposed German"? Such subtleties are out of place in the midst of this cruel war.

J. L. (Horrabridge).—"I have no doubt you will be surprised at my writing you." Naturally, but the shock was swiftly swallowed up in unalloyed delight.

J. P. (Leicester).—"Is there a reliable lottery anywhere now?" Yes, the Great Lottery of Marriage is still open.

"CHIPS" (Edinburgh).—"I fancy this war will give a fill up to the Quaker persuasion. What do you think?" After thinking for ten minutes, we suppose you mean "fillip."

S. B. E. (London).—Thanks for copy of *The Vic's Patrol*—the official organ, so to speak, of the Victoria Rifles of Canada. It is IT.

M. W. (Belvedere).—If your wages are no more than £1 a week and it costs you £1 a week to live at the hostel, you cannot be expected to invest the margin in Victory War Loan nor to go often to the "pictures."

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Chester-le-Street).—There is some mistake. Newsagents do not charge 2d. for JOHN BULL, although it is worth it. Please send your address to our publisher.

"MIDLAND" (Birmingham).—"At the Shell Factory were two viewers—one under 30, single; the other, over 30, married. They have combed out the married man and left the other." It does seem a silly sort of comb, doesn't it?

PTE. J. M. (France).—No use printing your "Sermon for the Kaiser." Haven't you noticed that he thumps his own pulpit all the time?

"IN ARDUIS FIDELIS" (Grangemouth).—Nobody blames the R.A.M.C., as a regiment, because some thieves sneaked into it. But to say robberies are due to "personal neglect on the part of the owner" is too rough on the wounded.

MRS. G. P. (Leeds).—Sorry you don't agree with us on the "drink" question, but you would if you knew as much about it as we do.

"WANT TO KNOW" (France).—"Is a dog a cold-blooded animal?" Should one ever get you by the pants, you would never be in doubt again.

L. C. C.—"Who is this who cometh from Edom?" We cannot tell, by the cut of his jib, if it is Big Willy or Old Scratch—they are so much alike.

"WORKING WOMAN" (Bournemouth).—Thanks. We are hoping the railway fares will soon be revised.

F. McD. (Salonika).—Thanks for *Balkan News*. In the line marked "Please register all letters containing *gas*," the word is evidently a misprint for "cash."

"ARMY SHOEMAKER" (Ilford).—"Army Orders forbid any patching of service boots." Why this thusness?

"DOCTOR" (Notts).—"Death by Chloroform is far preferable to death from angina, and Dr. McMurray, of Mansfield, unwittingly did the woman a good service." That is another story.

J. W. L. (Lancaster).—Can quite credit the U.S. press correspondent's statement that deported girls are "invited to take up residence with Germhun officers and punished if they refuse." What a riot of blood and lust the Germhuns would have in this country if—

J. H. (H.M.S. *Osprey*).—The affair of the eighteenpenny socks is tragic, but of insufficient national importance for comment.

F. P. (Edmonton)— oting that Sir James Dewar has been warning the Government against calling up scientists—says that if they have nothing better to do than blow black bubbles, as Sir J. D. has been doing, they are better in the Army. Perhaps there's more in black bubbles than the airy nothings they seem to be.

E. K. (Blackrock).—"*Bon morceau*," as you call it, of "Kaiser at Hades," is not *bon* enough.

W. S. (Mablethorpe).—Sorry, but we really cannot afford time or space to drag up all these Derby Scheme statistics—even "to settle a bet."

W. B. H. (Cheshire) AND OTHERS.—We can do no more than expose Vaughan and Heather's reprehensible methods of business and advise readers not to be deluded by their specious advertisements.

MR. ROBERT SUTTON (23, Portland Street, Stepney) wishes it to be known that he is in no way related to Mrs. Alice Sutton, of 43 in the same street—referred to in our last issue in the article entitled, "A Tale of Two Women"—and we have pleasure in publishing this disclaimer.

"A WORKER" (Derby).—Your charge is practically one of immorality against all the foremen, and you say "Please print this in next issue." Without evidence, how can we? You admit the manager is not aware of what goes on. The girls should combine to tell him—that is the remedy.

"DISGUSTED" (Broughton).—The Manchester firm want a discharged soldier seven nights a week, 87½ hours, for 28s. Being "Government controlled," they ought to spring a bit for the kind of man they require.

"PRIVATE" (Epsom).—Hope you get that salmon for mother's pot. But—hush!—hope nobody gets you!

H. E. T. (Westbury).—So a coloured gentleman stepped in before you and got that permit to take photos in camp. Be a white man; wish him luck—and get in first next time.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

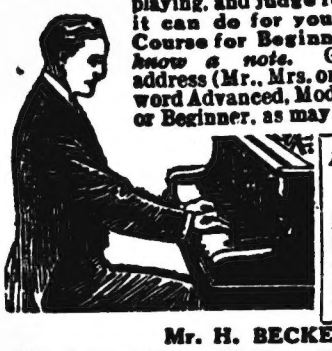
I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and dreary repetition can ever give you. Thousands have done so for twelve years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD."

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a Course for Beginners *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as may best fit your case.



A Typical Letter:

I have learned more about music from your first six lessons than in all the twelve months under my late music teacher.—H. S. (Cleethorpes).

Mr. H. BECKER,

81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 8 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and high-class speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE (Room J), SKEGNESS. London, 92 & 93 Great Russell St. W.C.

FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

WHAT IS YOUR ADDRESS?

SEND IT NOW!

Send a postcard NOW to H. Samuel for his Big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c. Amazing value and FREE PRIZES for all buyers. Typical value.

17/6

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fine jewelled movement, fully warranted. Handsome Nickel Silver Case. **17/6**

Write To-Day!

H. SAMUEL,

119, MARKET ST. Manchester.

IMPORTANT. London purchasers are requested to make sure of the name H. Samuel before they enter the shop. We have no connection with any other firm of a similar name. Branches in all principal towns.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept J B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d. Soups

WIN A BIG "BULLETS" PRIZE.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☞ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, February 15th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(225) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 225, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, February 15th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(225) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, February 15th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(225) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 226. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **226** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 226,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 226.

FOOD RATIONS	EATING TOO MUCH	REQUIRES CAPITAL	LITTLE FLAT
REAL FAVOURITE	STUNNING GIRL	WHAT FARMERS NEED	HARD TO BEAR
WHEN WOMAN'S WANTED	MOST PROVOKING	OLD WORRY	TAXING FATHER
STAGE FRIGHT	PROUD TO FIGHT	IN AMERICA	LOOKS BAD
NO CATCH	FALSE ALARM	POOR JOKE	WHEN KAISER'S BEATEN

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 225.

WHAT WILSON MUST DO
FOUL CONSPIRACY
BIG SENSATION
SPADES ARE TRUMPS
FRIGHTFUL THREAT
GERMANY'S WARNING
FEELING HIS WAY
CLIMBING DOWN
MOST AMUSING WHEN
SOOTHING SYRUP
LOSING SIDE
MAD DOG
IN THE LIMELIGHT
WIDE WOMAN
THE LAST WORD
FATHER'S ALLOTMENT
PLAYED OUT
WHEN INTERNED
A THICK EAR
BEARDED LADY
SURPRISE VISIT
WHEN PLUMBER CALLS
WELL SPENT
THREE CHEERS
THINKING HARD
OUT OF PLACE
PEACEFUL PERSUASION
SOCIETY BEAUTY
FELLOW WORKERS
AFTER THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you :—

Example :—
SOCIETY BEAUTY.
Bullet :—
MAKES UP PRETTY STORY.

Example :—
PEACEFUL PERSUASION.
Bullet :—
TEACHER SELDOM EMPLOYS.

Example —
WELL SPENT.
Bullet :—
TOMMY'S PENSION.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 3rd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated February 10th.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed [illegible] and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 222nd BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

Mr. G. BAHHGN, 57, Frikers Place, Slough, Bucks.

Example :—FIGHTING.
Bullet :—THE "STRAIN" WILL TELL.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mrs. BARKER, 81, Acre Rd., Cellier's Wood, Merton, London S.W.

Example :—CRYING SHAME.
Bullet :—KAISER'S CONSCIENCE MUST BE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

Mr. J. B. T. SANDERS, Park Av., Dunfermline, Scotland.

Example :—APPROACHING DEFEAT.
Bullet :—GERMAN NAVY "PUTTING OFF."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. G. MACKENZIE, 51, London Street, Edinburgh :
SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—DIFFICULT TO "HOLD OUT."

Mrs. T. BARNETT, 42, Granville Street, Peterborough :
WORKING MAN—BUSY "MAKING FOR" PEACE.

Mr. A. CHIVERS, Lulworth, Glo'ster Rd., Ross-on-Wye :
FIGHTING—MEANT "HIDING" FROM DAD.

Mr. H. BARRETT, 17, Morris Street, Swindon, Wilts :
NOT SO SIMPLE—OUR GOVERNMENT "AFTER ALL."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. E. FRITH, Merton Villa, Arminger Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W. :
SLEEPING PARTNER—IN ARMENIAN ATROCITIES—KAISER.

Miss SARAH BUCHANAN, 7, Reidvale Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow :
NOT SO SIMPLE—TELLING "PLAIN" TRUTH.

Mr. A. JOHNSON, 3, Waterloo Pl., St. Helens, Lancs. :
PEACE OFFERING—MUST INCLUDE KAISER'S SWORD.

Mrs. M. LEE, 94, Albert Road, Southsea :
THE ALLIES' REPLY—"CUT UP" AUSTRIA.

Mr. E. SLY, Kingston Grange, Taunton, Somerset :
THE VICTORY LOAN—LAST TIME OF "ASKING."

Mr. G. JUNSON, 1-100, Francis St., Bloomsbury, Birm'h'm :
BIG UNDERTAKING—RECHAINING DOGS OF WAR.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Sergt. R. C. MCKNIGHT, 24, Compton Walk, Southampton :
WORKING MAN—HURTS WHEN HE "STRIKES."

Miss M. COOPER, 29, Bishopsgate, York :
LETTING THINGS SLIP—"GENERAL" TRIPS OVER "PETTICOAT."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. E. COOK, 45, Epirus Rd., Walham Green, S.W. :
WORKING MAN—MR. BEETON WASN'T EVIDENTLY.

Mr. A. BROOKS, "Cintra," Garville Rd., Rathgar, Dublin :
CRUSHING REPLY—TOMMY SHOWS GOLD STRIPE.

Mr. R. SIMS, 17, Riversdale Rd., Highbury, London, N. :
THE VICTORY LOAN—"CLEAR" HINT TO GERMANY.

Mr. W. E. GIBBS, C.P.O., R.N. Depot Signal School, Crystal Palace :
SLEEPING PARTNER—NOT WOMAN THIS WAR.

Sgt.-Mjr. T. BIRD, 3, South Inch Ter., Perth, Scotland :
THE VICTORY LOAN—BRITAIN'S OMEN, GERMANY'S AMEN.

Miss MICHELL, 15, St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge :
NOT SO SIMPLE—SLAVEY—AFTER SEEING REVUE.

Miss A. WALLIS, 40, Whitstable Road, Canterbury :
MOST TEMPTING—TO LADIES, "GREATLY REDUCED."

Mr. E. MERCER, 51, Ann Street, Belfast :
THE ALLIES' REPLY—THE "LAST" BEFORE "BOOT."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing on THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims :—

H. S. BARR, 165, Chapel Street, Dalton-in-Furness. January 13. 414,030.

W. J. WICKSON, 509, Holloway Road, London, W. January 13. A157,837.

A. CHARLES, 34, Glenroy Street, Roath, Cardiff. January 6. 583,490.

A. G. RUSSELL, 39, West Road, West Ham. January 20 800,191.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 3rd :—

000,533	326,716	652,832	962,313	A287,811
036,870	385,294	699,547	974,651	A312,394
082,929	400,381	710,616	987,245	A341,206
114,074	427,449	745,034	A033,842	A373,878
131,751	448,752	762,466	A049,487	A404,000
158,647	516,310	825,247	A071,693	A465,691
194,901	539,403	859,083	A137,560	A496,325
246,579	558,916	872,159	A154,158	A531,254
273,867	574,885	883,324	A196,827	A579,797
291,388	605,114	949,107	A243,285	A586,543

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Feb. 14th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for February 3rd. 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 640,198 and A007,642 Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, February 15th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(225) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 4s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the Scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Feb. 10th, 1917. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Feb. 10th 1917.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....

Newsagent, of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home .....

.....

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FOR COUGHS.
Owbridge's Lung Tonic
FOR COLDS.

The British Remedy.

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic

The best known Remedy for

COUGHS & COLDS

Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,
Manufacturers, The Laboratory, HULL
Established 1874.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.